

THE 10825 Jan 19
British Heroine:
OR, AN
ABRIDGMENT
OF THE
Life and Adventures
OF
Mrs. Christian Davies,
COMMONLY CALL'D
MOTHER ROSS;

Who, in the Habit of a Man, served as a *Foot-Soldier* and *Dragoon* in several Campaigns under King WILLIAM and the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, and gave such signal Proofs of her *Courage, Strength,* and *Dexterity*, as surpriz'd the whole Army; for which she was often honoured with Presents from the General Officers, and afterwards made a Pensioner of *Chelsea-College* by Queen ANNE, where she continued till her Death, which happen'd on *July 7, 1739.*

The Whole being interspersed with a concise Account of King WILLIAM and Queen ANNE's Wars.

By J. WILSON, formerly a Surgeon in the Army.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noster-Row*,
and sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country.

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CHARACTER

OF

Mrs. CHRISTIAN DAVIES.

M^{RS. Christian Davies,} commonly call'd *Mother Ross*, was perhaps the most remarkable Person that this or any other Nation ever produc'd. In her Youth she discover'd the truest Sentiments of Honour and Virtue, which she cultivated and improved by a long Course of Experience and Observation. If we pass over her once yielding to Mr. *Howel's* pressing Solicitations (for which the natural Weakness of her Sex and the Strength of the Temptation may be some Excuse) we shall find the rest of her Character without a Stain. View her in a married State: What can be a greater Proof of the sincerest Affection for her Husband, than leaving her native Country, crossing the Seas, and going through all the Fatigues and Hazards of a military Life in search of him? After she has found him, how inseparably does she attend him wherever his Duty calls him, and expose herself to a thousand Dangers merely to be near his Person! How immoderately does she lament his Death, and even prejudice her own Health and endanger her Life by indulging an excessive Grief on that Occasion! When her Sex is discover'd, how frequently

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quently is her Virtue put to the Trial, but remains proof against all dishonourable Attempts, even from Persons of the highest Rank and Character! On her Return to her native Country, what an affecting Scene does her Interview with her aged Mother afford us! infomuch that whilst we behold the Parent and the Daughter mingling their Tears of Joy together, we can scarce forbear weeping with them. The most lively Descriptions our Novels and Romances give us of great and virtuous Ladies, are but a faint Resemblance of this extraordinary Woman, who was in reality all that Fancy and Fiction have attributed to others. In *Mrs. Davies* we find Characters united, which in her Sex would be thought incompatible, did not her Example convince us of the contrary. She was a brave Soldier, a tender Mother, an affectionate Wife, a true Lover of her Country, and a Pattern of Patience under a continued Series of Misfortunes. In short, she was an Honour to the fair Sex, and highly worthy their Imitation.

J. PETER OBRIAN.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

TH O' many Passages in the following History may appear very extraordinary and even incredible to those who were never acquainted with Mrs. Davies and her manner of Life, yet I must beg Leave to assure my Readers, that I have had so strict a Regard to Truth and Impartiality through the whole Piece, that nothing is inserted but what I either knew myself to be Fact, or had from Authorities which I thought unquestionable. And in order to make the History yet more compleat, and to

remove any Objection that might be made to the Truth of it, I have carefully compar'd it with an Account that was taken from her own Mouth at several times while she was at Chelsea, then corrected by some Memoirs she left behind her, and publish'd soon after her Death.

But I think no Gentleman can question the Authority of this History, who has had the least Acquaintance with the Officers of the Army under whom she serv'd, or been conversant with the Newspapers of that Time, which all abound with the surprising Exploits of our undaunted Heroine. Nor indeed can any Reason be assign'd, why we should not as readily give Credit to what is related of her Valour abroad, as to that Account (which no body doubts) of her attacking the Highwayman on her Road to West Chester, shooting him, and

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and carrying off his Horse to Coventry, which was afterwards given her by the Mayor of that City, with the Thanks of the Inhabitants, and a handsome Collection of Money into the bargain.

The greatest Objection that I have heard brought against her living so long in the Army undiscover'd, is the Difficulty of performing a certain natural Office, which Soldiers are obliged to do, not only standing, but frequently in publick, and even at the Head of a Regiment. However, Mrs. Davies easily accomplish'd this by means of a Silver Tube painted over, and fasten'd about her with Leather Straps. This urinary Instrument our Heroine sold in Flanders for seven Pistoles, after she had thrown off the Habit of the Male Sex, and resumed that of her own: But she greatly repented having parted with

this uncommon Implement when she came to England; where, by the prodigious Concourse of People that came daily to see her, she found that a good Livelyhood might have been procured by shewing it as a Curiosity.



THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES
OF

Mrs. CHRISTIAN DAVIES.

SHE was born in *Dublin*, in the Year 1667; her Father was a Malster and Brewer, and her Mother occupied a Farm of 80*l. per Annum*. They were both of them People of Prudence, Industry, and good Oeconomy, were very tender of their Daughter, and spar'd no Expence in her Education, though she made not the best Use of their Care in that respect. She learn'd to read, and became a good Needle-Woman, but was of too active a Disposition to live a sedentary Life; for which reason she chose to be almost always at the Farm assisting her Mother, where she was never better pleased than when following the *Plough*, or using the *Rake*, *Flail*, or such-like Instruments, which she could manage with

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near as much Strength and Skill as her Mother's Men-Servants. At the Age of Eighteen she would often mount astride on horseback, without Bridle or Saddle, and leap over Hedges and Ditches, with many other adventurous Pranks and Exploits, beyond what was common for her Sex and Age.

Her Undauntedness at this Age may be guess'd at from one Incident, which for that Reason may be worth relating. She with four of her Companions were one Day rolling themselves down-hill Heels over Head, when a certain Earl passing by in his Coach saw (through a quick-set Hedge) the odd Manner of their Diversion, and stop'd his Coach to be a Spectator of so unusual a Farce; but they observing him, desisted from the indecent Pastime, (the youngest being Seventeen) which the Earl taking notice of, call'd to them and promis'd each of them a Crown to continue the Diversion, which they did in such a Manner as gave his Lordship his desir'd Entertainment, and he gave them the promis'd Reward.

The first notable Indication of her *martial* Genius was in the Year 1685, about the Beginning of *August*; when being on a Wheat-Reek above fifty Feet high, and seeing the Procession of Judges, Magistrates, and Heralds attended with Drums, Trumpets, and other Musick, going to proclaim King *James*, she was so affected therewith, that she immediately leap'd off the Reek, and jump'd clean over a five-barr'd Gate that stood in the way, to make a speedy Access to so unusual, so transporting a Sight; for she imagin'd every Person in the Parade

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Parade could be no less than a Prince, or some very great Personage.

Nothing memorable occurs of our Heroine till the Time of King *James's* Expulsion from the Throne by King *William*; who in that distress'd and fugitive State was oblig'd to retreat to his *Irish* Subjects for Succour. They very readily espous'd his Cause; and among others, Mr. *Cavenaugh* (the Father of Mrs. *Davies*) from an extraordinary Zeal and Loyalty, sold all his standing Corn and other valuable Effects, and with that Money and what he had by him, he rais'd a Troop of Horse, and set out at the Head of it to join the King's Army. The Horse which her Father rode was so fiery and mettlesome, that none of the Troop durst mount him; yet she could feed him, take him up from Grass, bestride him in the open Field, and often when saddled she would mount him, and draw and snap the Pistols, to the Terror and Amazement of her Friends. All which Circumstances were early Proofs of her masculine and military Genius.

While her Father bore Arms for the King, it happen'd that one *Sunday* when her Mother was at Church, the neighbouring *Papists* block'd up the Church-Door, which occasion'd a Tumult and Noise; which Mrs. *Davies*, who was then at home, hearing, and fearing lest her Mother should receive Damage, she arm'd herself with a Spit, and hasted to her Assistance; but being resisted by a Serjeant, she run the Spit through the Calf of his Leg, and having made the Way clear, she enter'd the Church, call'd her Mother, and desir'd she would come home

to Dinner, for it was ready. In the Conflict the Minister, Clerk, and several other Persons were wounded, and she herself taken into Custody for stabbing the Serjeant. But when her Father's singular Zeal and Service, and the inconsistent Male-Practice of the *Papists* were represented to the Magistrates, she was soon set at Liberty.

King *James's* Army being defeated at the Battle of the *Boyne*, the King, with the Remainder of his scatter'd Troops, fled for Safety; among whom Mr. *Cavenaugh*, with a young *French* Lieutenant, made the best of their way home; but being alarm'd the next Morning (about three o'Clock) with the Noise of some Friends who also fled from the Conquerors, and imagining they were the victorious Forces of King *William* in Pursuit after them, they hastily arose, took a sad Farewel of Mrs. *Cavenaugh*, and fled with great Precipitation.

About twelve Months after this, News came, that King *James's* Forces were defeated at the Battle of *Agbrim*, where General *Ginkle* obtain'd a compleat Victory over General *St. Ruth*, in which Battle Mr. *Cavenaugh* was dangerously wounded, yet was in a fair way of Recovery, and intended to return home, but the Night before, one *Kelly*, an *Irish* Papist, his Servant, ungratefully and treacherously ran away with his Horses to General *Ginkle's* Army. This vile Treatment so affected him, that he was seiz'd with a Fever, of which he soon after died. And though Mrs. *Cavenaugh*, during her Husband's Illness, had procur'd a Pardon
for

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for him, yet notwithstanding this the Govern-
ment seiz'd upon all his Effects.

After the Battle of *Agbrim* the *English* laid
Siege to *Limerick*. Captain *Bodeaux*, who fled
with Mr. *Cavenaugh* from the Battle of the
Boyne, behav'd with singular Gallantry, inso-
much that he was admir'd and his Death la-
mented even by his Enemies, who, upon strip-
ping the brave Officer, found, to their great
Surprize, that it was a *Woman* who had given
such Proofs of an invincible Courage.

We do not think it improper here, to give
a short Account of the Beginning and Progress
of the Wars in *Ireland*, collected by Mr. *Tho-
mas Howell*, the fatal Robber of our Heroine's
Innocence and Honour, as will be mention'd
hereafter; which the Reader may take in his
own Words.

When King *William* and Queen *Mary* took
Possession of the Throne, there was yet no
War declar'd against *France*: But the Recep-
tion of King *James* the Second at that Court,
and the transporting foreign Troops into *Ire-
land* to assist the *Jacobites*, who began to ap-
pear in open Rebellion, made it necessary to
proclaim War against *Lewis XIV.* Therefore
on *Friday, April 26, 1689*, the Commons made
the following Address to his Majesty at *White-
hall*.

“ We your Majesty's most loyal and duti-
“ ful Subjects, the Commons, in this present
“ Parliament assembled, most humbly lay be-
“ fore your Majesty our earnest Desire, that
“ your Majesty would be pleased to take into
“ your most serious Consideration, the de-
“ structive

“ instructive Methods of late taken by the *French*
 “ King, against the Trade, Quiet, and Interest
 “ of this your Kingdom; and particularly, the
 “ present Invasion of the Kingdom of *Ireland*,
 “ and supporting your Majesty’s rebellious Sub-
 “ jects there: Not doubting in the least, but
 “ that, through your Majesty’s Wisdom, the
 “ Alliances already made, with such as may
 “ hereafter be concluded, on this Occasion, by
 “ your Majesty, may be effectual to reduce the
 “ *French* King to such a Condition, that it may
 “ not be in his Power hereafter to violate the
 “ Peace of *Christendom*, nor prejudice the
 “ Trade or Prosperity of this your Majesty’s
 “ Kingdom. To this End we most humbly
 “ beseech your Majesty to rest assured, upon
 “ this our solemn and hearty Engagement, that
 “ when your Majesty shall think fit to enter
 “ into a War against the *French* King, we will
 “ give your Majesty such Assistance in a Par-
 “ liamentary Way, as may enable your Ma-
 “ jesty (under that Protection and Blessing
 “ God Almighty has ever afforded you) to sup-
 “ port and go through with the same.”

His Majesty gave a gracious Answer, and
 on *May* the 7th War was declared against *France*
 in the usual Forms. But the first Stroke was
 given before this Proclamation, by the *English*
 and *French* Fleets in *Bantry Bay*, a Harbour
 in the Province of *Munster* in *Ireland*; of which
 we cannot give a better Account than the fol-
 lowing Letter from on board his Majesty’s
 Ship the *Elizabeth*, dated *May* 2, 1689.

“ Admiral *Herbert* (afterwards *Earl of Torrington*) having refitted at *Milford Haven*,
 “ the

“ the Damages which some of his Ships had
“ sustained, by ill Weather, on the Coast of
“ *Ireland*, intended to have gone directly to
“ *Brest*: But the Wind coming Easterly, which
“ might bring the *French* Fleet out, he stood
“ on the 24th past over to *Kingale*, which he
“ judg’d the most likely Course to meet them.
“ On the 29th our Scouts made a Signal that
“ they discover’d a Fleet, keeping their Wind;
“ which made us likewise keep ours all Night;
“ to hinder their getting into *Kingale*. The
“ 30th we heard the Enemy were gone into
“ *Baltimore*, being forty-four Sail; whereupon
“ we bore away towards that Place, but we
“ found there no Signs of them: But in the
“ Evening our Scouts got sight of them again
“ to the Westward of *Cape Clare*. We steer’d
“ after them, and found they were got into
“ *Bantry*. We lay off the Bay all Night, and
“ the next Morning, by Break of Day, stood
“ in, when we found them to an Anchor.
“ They got presently under Sail, and bore
“ down upon us in a Line, compos’d of twenty-
“ eight Men of War and five Fireships. When
“ they came within Musket-shot of the *De-*
“ *fiance*, the headmost of our Ships, the *French*
“ Admiral put out the Signal of Battle, which
“ was begun by them, firing great and small
“ Shot at the *Defiance*, and the rest as we
“ came up in our Line. We made several
“ Boards to gain the Wind, or at least to en-
“ gage them closer: But finding that way of
“ working very disadvantageous, Admiral *Her-*
“ *bert* stood off to Sea, as well to have got
“ our Ships into a Line, as to have gained the
“ Wind

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“ Wind of the Enemy; but found them so
 “ cautious in bearing down, that we could ne-
 “ ver get an Opportunity to do it; so conti-
 “ nued battering upon a Stretch till five in the
 “ Afternoon, when the *French* Admiral tack’d
 “ from us, and stood farther into the Bay. Ad-
 “ miral *Herbert*’s Ship, and some of the rest,
 “ being disabled in their Rigging, we could
 “ not follow them, but we continued some
 “ time longer before the Bay, and our Admiral
 “ gave them a Gun at parting. In this Action,
 “ Captain *George Aylmer*, of the *Portland*, with
 “ one Lieutenant and 94 Seamen, were kill’d,
 “ and about 250 wounded, as appears by a
 “ Survey taken after the Fight; and our Ships
 “ receiv’d little or no Damage, except in their
 “ Sails and Rigging. As for our Officers and
 “ Seamen, this Right must be done them,
 “ that they behav’d themselves with all the
 “ Courage and Chearfulness that could be ex-
 “ pected from the bravest Men: And on the
 “ other side, without lessening the Enemy, it
 “ may be said, that they either wanted Cou-
 “ rage, or Skill to make use of the Advan-
 “ tage of the Place, the Wind, their Fireships;
 “ and their being at least double our Force;
 “ for they had eighteen Ships, the least where-
 “ of was as big as the *Elizabeth*. And it so
 “ happen’d, that, at the Time of this En-
 “ gagement, Admiral *Herbert* had with him
 “ but eight third Rates, ten fourth Rates, one
 “ fifth Rate, and two Tenders.”

This was the first Engagement at Sea. We
 shall now go to the Siege of *Londonderry*,
 where King *James* sat down with a powerful
 Army;

Army; the Sight of which cast such a Terror in the Minds of the Governor and several Officers, that they were for surrendering that important Place: But the courageous Dr. *George Walker*, who had raised a Regiment for Defence of the Protestants, (after the Governor had privately made his Escape) was unanimously chosen in his Room to defend the Town, though very ill provided for a Siege. They held out bravely for many Months, and were reduced to such Extremity for Want of Provisions, that they were obliged to feed upon Horse-flesh, Dogs, Cats, Rats, and Mice. They had but two Days of such sorry Food left, when timely Succour arriv'd from *England*; which the Enemy perceiving, they rais'd the Siege in Despair. The Day before the Siege was rais'd, a Party of 2000 Protestants met 6000 of the rebel *Irish*, slew and drown'd in the *Shannon* above 3000, and took their General Prisoner. The brave Doctor embark'd for *England*, where he receiv'd the Thanks of the House of Commons for his noble Defence, and had a handsome Gratuity. On the 14th of *June* 1690 King *William* arriv'd at *Carrick-Fergus*, from whence he march'd to the Battle of the *Boyne*, at the Head of 36,000 regular Troops. King *James* the Second was there before him with the like Number of Forces. While King *William* was viewing the Posture of the Enemy, he was wounded on the Shoulder by a Cannon-Ball. His Officers crowding about him, the Enemy thought he was kill'd, and gave a general Shout thro' their Army for Joy of his Death; and the News not only flew to *Dublin*, but Fires of rejoicing

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joicing were made even at *Paris* for the false Tidings. The Night before the Battle, his Majesty rid through the Ranks of the Army by Torch-Light, encouraging his Troops, who seem'd to promise him the Victory. The 1st of *July* both Armies prepar'd for Battle. On the very Onset the Duke of *Schomberg* was kill'd upon the Spot; and the valiant Defender of *Londonderry*, Dr. *Walker*, lost his Life by a Wound in the Belly. The Fight was doubtful for several Hours; but at last the *Jacobites* were put to a general Flight. King *James* retir'd to *Dublin*; but not thinking himself secure there, he went to *Waterford*, took shipping in a Vessel provided for his Retreat if vanquish'd, and once more arriv'd safely at *St. Germain's* in *France*, the Place of his former Residence, where we shall leave him to follow the Fortunes of his Conqueror. He enter'd *Dublin* by the Invitation of the Inhabitants, who cheerfully submitted to him.

In short, after many Victories gain'd by King *William*, *Ireland* seem'd to be reduced to his Obedience; but was not totally subdued till after the bloody Battle of *Aghrim*, where the brave *St. Ruth*, General of the Enemy, was kill'd with a Cannon-Ball. His Death facilitated the *English* Conquest; and all the Towns in *Ireland*, in possession of the *Jacobites*, soon after surrender'd to the victorious King. But to return from this Digression.

Mrs. *Davies* having attain'd to the Age of Maturity, and being a buxom sprightly Lass, she soon began to be taken notice of by the young Men. In particular, Mr. *Thomas Howell*, whom

whom we have lately mention'd, a Student and Fellow of *Dublin* College, (her second Cousin) view'd her with an amorous Eye, soon made warm Love to her, and continued his Addresses with great Affiduity for two Years; and tho' she had a good Opinion of him, yet having no Fortune to bring him, she objected the Hazard of Poverty and Ruin, which would probably attend their marrying in such Circumstances, and therefore desired him to desist and give over his Amour, but to no purpose; for he endeavour'd to obviate Objections by specious Promises, and push'd the Affair with greater Solicitation and Urgency than usual. One Day particularly finding her alone in the House making the Beds, he took the Opportunity, and after many endearing Expressions, warm Embraces, and ardent Kisses, with Vows of eternal Constancy in Marriage, obtain'd Leave to rifle her Charms in the most sensible manner, and to deprive her of that which is justly esteem'd the greatest Pride and Glory of Virgins, and ought to be preserv'd with as much Caution and Concern as Life itself. He staid not long after he had perpetrated a Deed which overwhelm'd her with the deepest Melancholy, Anxiety, and Shame; and of which though she sincerely repented, yet could she never appear in those easy and pleasing Airs which were natural to her virgin Innocence. Her Countenance fell, her Stomach fail'd her, and all about her took notice of her Melancholy and Sadness: Her Mother often enquir'd the Cause of such unusual Grief; but she gave evasive Answers, and only requested that she might

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quit

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quit her House: This her Mother readily agreed to, hoping a Change of Air and Company might do her good; so sent her to her Aunt's, who kept a Publick House in *Dublin*.

Here she often saw her young Student, but avoided him with the greatest Detestation and Hatred: But finding that no ill Consequence attended the criminal Amour, her Melancholy began to wear off, and she recover'd her Colour and Chearfulness of Temper. She liv'd with her Aunt four Years, and behav'd so well and dutifully, that when her Aunt died she left her all she had, and in Possession of a House well furnish'd and well accusom'd.

In this Situation she thought herself the happiest Person in Life, enjoy'd the Height of Ambition, and had not a Wish to make; but Love, that constant Disturber of human Felicity, began afresh to invade her Heart, and to interrupt her Tranquillity. *Richard Welch*, a Servant of her Aunt, and now her own, was the Person she lov'd to see and hear above all Men; and though her Pride and Regard for her Sex prevented her making the first Overture, yet she found Means to let *Richard* know (by the Interposition of a Female Friend) that he was more in the good Graces of his Mistress than he was aware of; and it was insinuated withal, that if he could have Courage to make the Attack, he would very probably carry her, and instead of being Servant, might easily become Master of the House. *Richard* was very glad to hear this; but objected, if there should be a Mistake, his Mistress would resent the bold Attempt, and he should lose a good Place. His Friend

Friend told him that she knew almost enough of the Matter to promise him Success, but certainly that he should be no Loser by it. *Richard* promised to follow her Advice, and accordingly took the first Opportunity to pay his Respects to his Mistress in the Style of a Lover; and this he did in such Terms, and in so proper a Manner, as still more endear'd him to her; though she pretended to be very much surprized at his Assurance, and bad him mind the Business of the House, and not her, which would better become him. *Richard* begs Pardon, but still plies his Mistress with all the Rhetorick of Love, who makes all the Returns of Scorn and Denial which Honour and Custom require from a Mistress and a Maiden in such a Case: But this she took care to do always in such a manner, as rather encouraged than dishearten'd *Richard* from continuing his Addresses. But not to dwell long upon a short Courtship, *Richard* repeated his Protestations of Love and Sincerity every Day, and every Day got a little abated of her pretended Aversion and Anger, till at the End of one Week only he brought his Mistress to discover the real Sentiments of her Mind, and the true and ardent Passion she had for him, by consenting to marry him; which she did forthwith, and was applauded instead of being reproach'd by her best Friends for the prudent Choice she had made of a Husband. *Richard* prov'd a tender, careful, and obliging one; and, as he promis'd, left his Wife as much Mistress of her Effects as she was when single. Thus they liv'd a happy Pair for four Years, in which Time she had

two fine Boys, and was big of a third Child; when the fickle Goddess, to shew herself ever variable, reversed their blissful State, with a Fate not more grievous and insupportable, than it was surprizingly odd and casual. The Case was this:

Alderman *Forest* in *James-Street* furnish'd them with Beer, and Mr. *Welch* went one Day thither to pay him about Fifty Pounds, but, contrary to Custom, return'd not all that Day, which greatly surpriz'd his Wife. Her Uneasiness increased as it grew darker; and hearing no News of him, she concluded he must necessarily be murder'd for the Money which he carried with him. Thus she grew outrageous, and sent People every way to find him, but all to no purpose; no Mr. *Welch* could be found: All they could hear was, that he had paid the Money, and left the Alderman's House with another Gentleman who had been there in Company with him. This Gentleman she at once concluded must have murder'd him out of some private Pique, and convey'd away his Body.

Her Grief now for the Loss of her Husband (for all Search prov'd vain) was equal to the tender Affection she bore him, and made her unfit for her Business, which she therefore trusted to one she thought her Friend, who indeed prov'd very base and unfaithful.

Time having somewhat mollified her Grief, and *Richard* been absent near a Twelvemonth, and consequently given over for dead, his Wife bought Mourning for herself and Children, and again took upon her the Care of the Business; which

which she had no sooner done, than she receiv'd the following Letter from her Husband.

Dear CHRISTIAN,

THIS is the twelfth Letter I have sent you without receiving any Answer; which would both surprize and very much grieve me, did I not flatter myself that your Silence proceeds from the Miscarriage of my Letters. It is from this Opinion that I repeat the Account of my sudden and unpremeditated Departure, and the Reason of my having enlisted for a Soldier. It was my Misfortune, when I went out to pay the Alderman the fifty Pounds, to meet Ensign C---m, who having formerly been my School-fellow, would accompany me to the Alderman's House; from whence we went, at his Request, and took a hearty Bottle at the Tavern, where he paid the Reckoning. Having got a little too much Wine in my Head, I was easily persuaded to go on board a Vessel that carried Recruits, and take a Bowl of Punch, which I did in the Captain's Cabbin, where being pretty much intoxicated, I was not sensible of what was doing upon Deck. In the Interim, the Wind sprang up fair, the Captain set sail with what Recruits were on board, and we had so quick a Passage, that we reached Helvoetsluys before I had recover'd from the Effects of Liquor. It is impossible for me to paint the Disorder I was in, finding myself thus divided from my dear Wife and Children, landed on a strange Shore, without Money or Friends to support me. I rav'd, tore my Hair, and curs'd my drunken Folly, which had brought upon me this terrible Misfortune, which I thought to remedy by getting a Ship to carry me

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back,

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back, but there was none to be found. The Ensign, who possibly did not intend me this Injury, did all he could to comfort me, and advised me to make a Virtue of Necessity, and take on in some Regiment. My being destitute and unknown compelled me to follow his Advice, though with the greatest Reluctance; and I now am, though much against my Inclination, a private Centinel in Lord O----y's Regiment of Foot, where I fear I must pass the Remainder of a wretched Life, under the deepest Affliction for my being depriv'd of the Comfort I enjoy'd while blessed with you and my dear Babies, if Providence, in his Mercy, does not relieve me; the Hopes of which, and of once embracing those who alone engross my tenderest Affection, you, my dearest Christian, and my poor Children, make me endeavour to support my Misfortune, and preserve a Life which, without you, would be too miserable to be worth the Care of

Your unfortunate,

but ever-loving Husband,

RICHARD WELSH.

Upon reading this Letter she was quite stupefied, and stood without Motion; and not being able to weep through an Excess of Grief, she gave a sudden Shriek, and fell down, without any Signs of Life remaining in her. But being brought to her Senses and Speech by the kind Assistance of her Friends and Neighbours, she burst into a Flood of Tears; when being ask'd the Occasion of this sudden Grief, she for some time answer'd nothing but, *O my dear Richard, must I never see thee more?* She still
continued

continued in violent Agonies, and frequently fainted away; so that some of her Friends, not thinking it proper to leave her alone, watch'd with her all Night. As they were getting her to Bed, her Letter dropp'd, which they had the Curiosity to read, and thereby learnt the Cause of her Distraction. They endeavour'd to comfort her, but to no purpose; nor had she any Rest all that Night. In the Morning she came to a Resolution to disguise her Sex, by putting on one of her Husband's Suits of Cloaths, and to go directly for *Flanders* in search of him. She accordingly set about preparing every thing necessary for such a Journey, left her eldest Son with her Mother, and put to Nurse that which was born after her Husband's Departure; her second Son being dead. She likewise let her House, and left her Goods with some Friends who had spare House-room. Having thus order'd her Affairs, she cut off her Hair, put on her Husband's Cloaths, a Hat and Wig, and a Silver-hilted Sword: And considering it was contrary to Law to export above five Pounds out of the Kingdom, she quilted fifty Guineas in the Waistband of her Breeches, and so carried it away without Suspicion.

Thus provided, and being desirous of getting to *Holland* as soon as possible, she repair'd to the Rendezvous of an Ensign who was then beating up for Recruits, and offer'd him her Service to go against the *French*, out of Zeal for King *William* and her Country. The Hopes of soon meeting with her Husband added a Sprightliness to her Looks, which recommended her to the Officer, who presently insisted

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her, and order'd her to be enroll'd, by the Name of *Christopher Welsh*, in a Company of Foot, in the Regiment commanded by the Marquis *de Pisare*.

Our Heroine, with the rest of the Recruits, were soon shipp'd for *Holland*, arriv'd safe at *Williamstadt*, and from thence march'd to *Gorkum*, where they had their Regimentals given them, and the next Day proceeded forward to *Landen*, were incorporated in their respective Regiments, and join'd the grand Army, which was in Expectation of a general Battle, the Enemy being very near them. Having been accustom'd to Soldiers when a Girl, she very soon was perfect in her Exercise, and applauded by the Officers for her Dexterity in going through it.

Soon after her Arrival at *Landen*, she was order'd on the Night-Guard, and posted at the Bedchamber Door of the Elector of *Hanover*. Before she was reliev'd, the *French* drew nearer, and were engaged by some Troops of the Allies. The roaring of the Cannon, and the rattling of the small Shot, was unusual and therefore terrible Musick to our Female Soldier. Her Fear however was soon over; and being order'd by Lord *Cholmondeley* to repair instantly to her Regiment, in her Way she receiv'd a Wound from a Musket-Ball, which graz'd on her Leg, but did not hurt the Bone. My Lord expressed his Concern, and order'd her to be carried off the Field.

A short Account of this Battle of *Landen* may not be disagreeable to our Readers, since possibly they will not find one more impartial.

The

The Duke of *Luxembourg* having invested *Huy* the 18th of *July*, 1693; King *William*, to make a Diversion, detached the Prince of *Wirtemberg* with twenty Battalions and forty Squadrons, which forced the *French* Lines in *Flanders*, and put the Country under Contribution. This Detachment, and another the King had sent off to cover *Liege*, greatly weaken'd his Army. *Luxembourg*, who had just carried *Huy*, drew together all his Forces, as if he had a Design upon *Liege*; and on the 28th, about Four in the Afternoon, presented himself before the Allies; who, being sensible that they were much the weaker, had posted themselves between the *Geete* and the Brook of *Landen*. The Fatigue of a long March, and the Day being so far spent, made him defer the Battle to the next Morning. This Delay gave King *William* an Opportunity to have secured his Troops, by retiring in the Night; but his Majesty rather chose to wait the Enemy, and took all possible Precaution to give the *French* General a warm Reception.

At Four the next Morning the *French* advanced in good Order. The Battle began at the Village of *Laar*, with the Left Wing of the King's Army, where a terrible Slaughter was made. The Foot, which were posted behind the Intrenchments, suffer'd the Enemy to advance very near to their Cannon, and then firing upon them, swept down whole Battalions, which lay dead in the same Ranks and Order as they advanced. The *French* notwithstanding made two vigorous Attacks; but their Obstinacy only augmenting their Loss, they gave
over

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over on that Side, and began with equal Violence on the Right Wing, which was posted at the Village of *Neerlanden*. Here being likewise repuls'd, they made so considerable a Movement backwards, that they seem'd to be quite sick of the Undertaking; but, leaving some Troops to keep the main Body and the Right Wing in play, they march'd with the major Part of their Forces, and their Cannon, to the Village of *Laar*, to make another Attack upon the Left Wing, which was both more vigorous and bloody than the two preceding. The Allies defended themselves with equal Bravery, till borne down by Numbers, they were forced to abandon the Village, and the Ground between the Entrenchment and the Brook. The *French* Horse having hereby an Opportunity to extend themselves, trod under foot all that opposed their Passage, and fell upon the Rear of the Infantry which defended the Trenches. King *William* seeing all Efforts vain, order'd the Retreat to be sounded. Some few Corps retreated in good Order, but the rest took to Flight with such Precipitation, that the Bridge broke down, and the Enemy made a great Slaughter. Whole Regiments threw themselves into the *Geete*, and such Numbers were drown'd, that their Bodies made a Bridge for their flying Companions. The King, 'tis true, lost the Battle with about 16,000 Men, seventy-six Cannon, and ninety Colours; but he lost nothing in point of Reputation: For *Lewis* the XIVth could not help acknowledging, *That Luxembourg had indeed attack'd like a Prince of Condé, but that the Prince of Orange had*
made

made his Retreat like a Marshal Turenne. And indeed he not only perform'd the Part of a General, but even of a subaltern Officer; for he alighted no less than four times to lead on the Foot to the Attack; was at the Head of the Squadron commanded by Lord *Galloway*, in the hottest of the Battle; had two led Horses kill'd near him, and a Musket-Ball went thro' his Sash.

Mrs. *Davies*, on account of her Wound, could not be an Eye-witness of what is here related, but had the Particulars from Persons of Veracity, who were upon the Spot.

After having been two Months incapable of Service, she joined her Regiment, which continued under Cover the remaining Part of the Summer, and was order'd into Winter-Quarters at *Gertruydenberg*.

During her Stay here, the Dykes near the Town were ruin'd by Worms, and the *English* Soldiers were commanded to assist the *Dutch* in repairing them. The Work was very fatiguing, and likewise dangerous; for Ensign *Gardener* and Mrs. *Davies* narrowly escap'd being drown'd by the Tide flowing in upon them.

The following Campaign the *French* surpriz'd some Foragers, took sixty Prisoners, *Dutch* and *English*, (of which Number was Mrs. *Davies*) and conducted them to *St. Germain's en Laye*. During their Imprisonment here, King *James's* Queen was particularly kind to the *English*, causing them to be separated from the *Dutch*, and allowing each Man five Farthings for Tobacco, a Pound of Bread, and a Pint of Wine a Day. The Duke of *Berwick*
came

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came frequently to see they were well used, and not defrauded of their Allowance; advising them at the same time to take on in the *French* Service, which seven of the *English* did: But Mrs. *Davies* being applied to, answer'd, *That she had already taken an Oath to King William, and could not in Honour break that Engagement.* The Duke applauded her Principles, and desisted from his Solicitations.

Captain *Cavenaugh*, who was Mrs. *Davies's* first Cousin, and an Officer in the *French* Army, came often to the Prison; to whom she would have made herself known, but for fear such a Discovery should prove an Impediment to the Search after her Husband.

After a Confinement of about nine Days, they were exchanged for some *French* Prisoners, and set at liberty. As Gratitude obliged them, they went to the Palace to return the Queen Thanks for her kind Charity. She had the Condescension to see them, and took particular Notice of our young Heroine.

On their Return to the Army, they heard the News of Queen *Mary's* Death, and soon after drew off into Winter-Quarters. Mrs. *Davies*, whose Grief for her Husband was drown'd in the Hopes of finding him, began to indulge her natural Gaiety of Temper, and liv'd very merrily. In her Frolicks she made her Addresses to a Burgher's Daughter, who was young and pretty, ran over all the tender Non-sense employ'd on such Occasions, squeezed her Hand, sigh'd often when in her Company, look'd foolishly, and practis'd upon her all the ridiculous Airs which she had often laugh'd at, when

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when they were used as Snares against herself. But these Arts had an Effect which Mrs. *Davies* did not wish for; the poor Girl grew really fond of her, and was uneasy whenever she was absent. However, though she did not endeavour to conceal her Passion, she prov'd strictly virtuous; and when her Gallant pretended to take an indecent Freedom with her, Sir, said she, *I suppose my Tendernefs is become irksome to you, since you take a Method to change it into Hatred. It is true, I do not scruple to own I love you as my Life, but my Life is not so dear to me as my Virtue. If you have dishonourable Designs, I have mistaken the Man, and have found the Russian, instead of the tender Husband I expected.* This Rebuff so gain'd Mrs. *Davies's* Heart, that she could not help admiring and acknowledging her Esteem for the Girl's Virtue. She even felt a tender Passion for her, though, you know, it could not go beyond a *Platonick* Love.

—During the Course of this Amour, a Serjeant belonging to the same Regiment, though not the same Company, with Mrs. *Davies*, endeavour'd to gain the young Girl's Heart; but having spent a Number of Sighs and Time to no purpose, he resolv'd, the first fair Opportunity, to obtain that by Force which he could not by Address. This he attempted one Day when Mrs. *Davies* was under Arms: The Girl defended herself stoutly, and in the Scuffle lost her Cap, and her Cloaths were most of them torn off her Back; but notwithstanding her resolute Defence, the Serjeant would have gain'd his Point, had not some of the Neighbours opportunely

portunately come in to her Assistance, and made him retreat in a very shameful Manner.

As soon as she had recover'd herself, she ran to acquaint Mrs. *Davies* with the Affair, desiring her to revenge the Insult. She was so irritated at the Account, that had she not been upon Duty, she would immediately have gone in quest of the Serjeant; but she stifled her Resentment till she was dismiss'd by the Officer, and then having found out her Rival, she thus accosted him: *How durst you, Sir, attempt the Honour of a Woman, who was, for ought you knew, my Wife? The Action is base in itself, and ought to be the Quarrel of every Man in the Regiment, as it casts a Reflection on the whole Corps; but, as I am principally concern'd in this Insult, so I am sufficient to chastise your Impudence, and require immediate Satisfaction.* The Serjeant replied, *I'll soon cool your Courage.* Upon this they went together to a proper Place, and both drew. Mrs. *Davies*, irritated at the Affront put upon her in the Person of her Sweetheart, thought of nothing but sending the Villain out of the World. The first Thrust she made gave him a flaunt Wound in his Right Pap, which had well nigh done his Business. He return'd this with a long Gash on her Right Arm; but before he could recover his Guard, she gave him a Thrust in the Right Thigh, about half a Span from the Pope's Eye. The next Pass he aimed at her Breast, but hit her Right Arm; though it was little more than the Prick of a Pin, he being feeble with the Loss of Blood. By this time some Soldiers on Duty having discover'd them, a File of Musqueteers came up, took

took them Prisoners, disarm'd both, conducted Mrs. *Davies* to Prison, and sent the Serjeant to the Hospital, who was thought to be mortally wounded, and did not recover for a considerable Time. Mrs. *Davies* sent her Sweetheart an Account of what had happen'd, and her Confinement thereupon; who acquainting her Father with the whole Affair from the Beginning of it, the good Burgher made such a Representation of the Affront offer'd to his Family, that in four Days time he procur'd a Pardon for Mrs. *Davies* from King *William*, with an Order to release her immediately, return her Sword, pay her Arrears, and give her a Discharge from the Regiment; all which were punctually perform'd. As soon as she was enlarged, she went to thank her Deliverer for her Liberty; who, on her Side, as gratefully acknowledged the revenging the Insult done her. She expressed herself with great Tenderness, and told Mrs. *Davies*, *That when she heard of her Imprisonment, she heartily repented having acquainted her with the Serjeant's villainous Attempt.* She proceeded, *Had I been so prudent, you would not have ventur'd your Life, and I should not have given the World any Ground to censure my Conduct; for how may People interpret your being warm in my Cause? This Consideration makes me throw off the Restraint of my Sex, and propose to you the skreening my Honour by our Marriage.* My dear, said Mrs. *Davies*, *you offer me the greatest Happiness; will you give me leave to ask you of your Father? My Father!* cried she, *you cannot imagine a rich Burgher will give his Daughter to a Foot-Soldier; for tho' I think*

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think you merit every thing, yet he will not view you with my Eyes. This Answer was what Mrs. Davies expected; and indeed, being very sure that her Father would not consent, was the Reason why she propos'd speaking to him. But the Girl offering to be married at all Events, and to run the Hazard of her Father's Displeasure, she was forced to use her utmost Rhetorick to dissuade her from it. *My dear Life,* said she, *how could I bear to see you deserted by your Father, stripp'd of all the Comforts of Life, and exposed to follow a Camp? No, I can neither be so inhuman to you, nor ungrateful to your Parent, who has procur'd my Liberty. But my Love for you shall animate me to such Actions, as I hope will raise me to a Rank that your Father need not be ashamed of my Alliance: Or, if I fail of Preferment in this honourable way, I will at any rate endeavour to deserve you, and, if possible, purchase a Pair of Colours.*

I have heard, replied the Girl, *that Love and Reason are incompatible; this Maxim is either false, or you are not the ardent Lover you profess yourself: However, I like your Proposal of buying a Commission, and if your Money falls short, let me know it.*

Thus Mrs. Davies got off from this Amour without Loss of Credit. She had been discharged from her Regiment, as we have said before, not from the Service; which was a Favour done her, lest the Serjeant she had wounded should do her some private Injury. She enter'd therefore with Lieutenant *Keith*, in Lord *John Hayes's* Regiment of Dragoons, and staid in the Lieutenant's Quarters till the Season for Action

Action came on; when they were all order'd to the Siege of *Namur*.

The Army was now more numerous than it had been any preceding Campaign; the major Part were encamped at *Deinse*, and seem'd to intend an Attack upon the *French* Lines, which were in those Quarters. This Feint, and the Duke of *Wirtemberg's* assaulting Fort *Knoque*, drawing most of the *French* Forces on that Side, King *William*, with the greatest Expedition, invest'd *Namur*, which they did not in the least apprehend. He could not however make this Motion soon enough to prevent Marshal *Boufflers* from throwing himself into the Town with seven Regiments, which augmented the Garrison to about fourteen thousand effective Men. This did not deter the King from prosecuting his Design, leaving only thirty thousand Men under the Command of Prince *Vaudemont*, to observe the Motions of the *French*, and cover *Flanders*. The Enemy being well inform'd of this Disposition of the Army, which was encamp'd at *Woutergen*, resolv'd to attack it in Front and Flank. The Prince making a Shew of waiting for them, sent his Baggage to *Ghent*, entrench'd his Camp, plac'd Cannon in all the Passes, and taking Advantage of the Night to prepare for his Retreat, made it in the Sight of the Enemy's Army, without sustaining any Loss. This Retreat of Prince *Vaudemont* will be look'd upon as a Master-Stroke in Ages yet to come.

He soon after gave a new Proof of his martial Skill and Conduct, in defeating the Design which Marshal *Villeroy* had form'd of besieging

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Newport; but the Marshal revenged himself on *Dixmude* and *Deinse*, the Governor of which Places wanted Courage to defend them.

The King opened the Trenches before *Namur*, in two different Places, on the 13th of *July*, 1695; and gave frequent Assaults to the Town, one on the Neck of another, sending in every Assault such a Number of Forces, that they seemed rather small Armies than Detachments.

The Town capitulated on the 4th of *August*; but the *French*, in order to draw off the Army of the Allies and save the Citadel, bombarded *Brussels*. The Effect this had, was only making them redouble their Efforts at *Namur*. Never was a more terrible Fire seen; for no less than sixty large battering Pieces, and as many Mortars, play'd incessantly on the Outworks. Marshal *Villeroy* judging very rightly that the Citadel could not hold out long, and finding his bombarding *Brussels* did not draw off the King, resolved to attack him in his Lines, to save the Castle if possible: To this end he began his March in a continual Rain, and passing by *Gemblours*, encamp'd at *Saunier*. Prince *Vaudemont*, with the Army under his Command, had left *Brussels*, before this Motion of the *French*, to cover the Siege; and being joined by some Detachments, under the Command of the Duke of *Wirtemberg* and the Earl of *Athlone*, he extended his Forces behind the *Mebaigne*, from *St. Denis* to *Ipigny*.

The *French* finding him so strongly entrench'd, turn'd off to the Left, and, going up the *Mebaigne*, posted themselves on the Bank
of

of that River, between the Villages of *Peruwes* and *Ramelies*; which oblig'd the Allies to advance on the other Side to dispute the Passage. *Villeroy* attempted several times, but in vain, to pass the River, and succour the Besieged. On this he call'd a Council of War, wherein the Officers unanimously declared it was impossible to relieve the Citadel, and that it would be Rashness to attempt it.

In the Interim the Allies detach'd thirty Squadrons, commanded by Monsieur *de la Forêt*, to reconnoitre the Enemy. These were discover'd by the *French* Scouts, who fell upon them, and, finding they gave way, suffer'd themselves to be decoy'd into an Ambush; where the Fight being renew'd with greater Fury, the Assailants were driven back to their Camp, with the Loss of 150 Horse. After this Skirmish, the Marshal rais'd his Camp, and posted his Army between *Chatelet* and *Charleroy*.

Before this, most of the Fortifications of *Namur* were demolished, and large Breaches made; wherefore Orders were given for an Assault, which was begun on the 30th of *August*. My Lord *Cutts*, with three thousand *English*, was commanded to assault the *New Castle*. Count *Rivera*, with two thousand *Dutch* and a thousand *Bavarians*, was order'd to attack on the Side of *Fort Koeboorn*, while Monsieur *La Cave* should assault it in Front. At the same Instant Monsieur *Schwerin*, at the Head of two thousand Men, was to assault the cover'd Way before the *Devil's House*; and, to prevent Sal-
lies, a Colonel, with five hundred Men, was

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posted between the *New Castle* and Fort *Koe-boorn*. The *English* were drawn into a fatal Mistake by their Courage; for three hundred of them mounted the Breach of the *New Castle* with such Impetuosity, that they could not be supported. The other Assault proved more successful, for we became Masters of three thousand Yards of cover'd Way.

Notwithstanding the Loss sustain'd in this Assault, the King was preparing for a second; but Marshal *Boufflers* beat the Chamade, and prevented him that Trouble. Hostages were exchanged, Articles agreed upon, and the Allies took Possession of the Fort and Breach the 1st of *September*. On the 5th the Garrison march'd out with the usual Honours of War.

The King of *France* having refus'd to accept of a Ransom for the Garrisons of *Deinse* and *Dixmude*, King *William*, by way of Reprisal, order'd Marshal *Boufflers* to be arrested and carried back into the Town; where he was told, That if he would give his Word that those Garrisons should be released, he was at Liberty. Upon his Refusal, he was conducted to *Maef-tricht*, where his Confinement was but short; for the King his Master permitting him to make that Promise, he was released.

After the Taking of *Namur*, Mrs. *Davies* went into Winter-Quarters at the *Boss*, where a very odd Adventure befel her. She went with two of her Comrades to a House of civil Recreation, where a Lady of Pleasure, who was very big, happen'd to take a Liking to her, and used all the Allurements practis'd by those virtuous Damsels; but finding they had no Effect,

Effect, she swore she would revenge the Slight, which she did soon after, by swearing her the Father of the Child. Mrs. *Davies* was so surpriz'd and enraged at the impudent Perjury, that she was almost tempted to disprove her effectually; but, on mature Deliberation, she thought it better to keep the Child; from which Expence she was soon deliver'd, for the Child died in a Month, leaving her the Reputation of being a Father, till her Sex was discover'd.

As nothing remarkable happen'd to our Heroine from this Time to the Signing of the Peace, it may not be ungrateful to give some Memoirs of what pass'd in the Interim in *Flanders*, where she continued in the same Regiment till the Army was disbanded.

King *William* arriv'd in *Holland* on the 17th of *May* 1696, with Design to open the Campaign in the *Low Countries*. Part of the *Dutch* Troops were drawn together near *Tirlemont*, under the Command of Prince *Nassau-Sarbruck*, Veldt-Marshal of the States, who, conjointly with the Elector of *Bavaria*, was to observe the *French* Forces encamp'd at *Fleuris*. The other Part of the *Dutch* Army, under the Command of Prince *Vaudemont*, was posted near *Ghent*, to oppose Marshal *Villeroy*. The King join'd the Prince's Army in the Beginning of *June*, and took a general Review on the 7th. Having encamp'd on the Plain of *Corbais* from the 18th of *June* to the 7th of *July*, he march'd directly towards *Noirmont* and *Gemblours*. These Motions were both to observe the *French*, and to have the Convenience, for a considerable Time, of subsisting the Army from *Brussels*.

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All this while Marshal *Villeroy* remain'd quiet in his Camp near *Deinse*, between the *Scheld* and the *Lys*; and secured his Forage in such a manner, that he maintain'd a great Part of his Troops at the Expence of his Enemy: So that King *William* finding nothing could be done, sent back the *German* Troops commanded by the Landgrave of *Hesse*, went to *Mecblin*, and from thence to *Loo*.

The King of *France* had some time before made Propositions of Peace to the Allies, but especially thought it his Business to agree with the Duke of *Savoy* at any rate. Accordingly he made him very advantageous Offers, and such as really stagger'd him: But the Shame and Reproach, that must have been the Consequence of his breaking through solemn Engagements with the Allies, made him for some time hold out against the Temptation. *France* however soon furnish'd him with a plausible Pretence to comply with her Proposals, by sending the Marshal *de Catinat* with an Army into *Piedmont*, who advanced to *Rivalto*, within two Leagues of *Turin*. The Duke, upon his Approach, made all the Preparations for a vigorous Defence; but no Hostilities were committed on either Side. At last, the proclaiming a Suspension of Arms discover'd the Mystery of this Inactivity, to the great Surprise of the Allies. This Truce was follow'd by a Treaty of Peace, proclaim'd in *Paris* the 10th of *September*, 1696. During this Intrigue with *Savoy*, *Lewis* also made Offers to King *William* and the *States*, to which the latter began to listen.

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listen. In a word, a Congress was open'd at *Ryswick* on the 9th of *May*, 1697.

Notwithstanding these Conferences, the *French* laid Siege to *Aeth*, a Town in *Hainault*. King *William* being arriv'd from *England*, immediately went to the Army of the Allies, and march'd to relieve the Place: But the Besiegers were so well entrench'd, and cover'd by two Armies under the Command of *Boufflers* and *Villars*, that he could not force them without visible Danger. *Aeth* surrender'd on the 1st of *June*.

The Conferences at *Ryswick* ended in a Peace, which was proclaimed in *Paris* the 23d of *October*, and in *London* the 28th, O. S.

The King of *England* having review'd the Army, disbanded a great Number of Troops, amongst which was our Heroine, who took shipping and arriv'd safe at *Dublin*. She found her Mother, Children, and Friends in Health; but was so much alter'd by her Dress and the Fatigues of a military Life, that not one of them knew her; and for some Reasons she resolv'd to remain *incog*.

She was not long easy in this indolent Way of Life, but found Means to support herself, without breaking into her Capital, till a fresh Opportunity offer'd of indulging her martial Inclinations.

The King of *Spain* died in the Year 1700, having by his Will declared the Duke of *Anjou* his Successor, which alarm'd all the Powers of *Europe*. The King of *France* grossly affronted King *William*, by acknowledging the Prince of *Wales* King of *England* on the Death of his Fa-

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ther at *St. Germain's* in 1701. These things kindled up a new War; and on the Part of the Emperor Hostilities were begun in *Italy*, which Prince *Eugene* enter'd in *May* 1701, at the Head of twenty thousand Men, beat the *French* and *Savoyards*, and pass'd the *Adige*.

Though none of the Powers had declared War, the *Hollanders* drew together their Troops near *Rosendaal*, under the Command of the Earl of *Atblone*; and the *Imperialists*, commanded by Prince *Nassau Sarbruck*, laid Siege to *Keisersweert*.

Our Heroine was not long considering what Party to take; but immediately took Shipping for *Holland*, and finding her former Lieutenant *Keith*, insisted with him in her old Corps, the Regiment of Dragoons under the Command of Lord *John Hayes*.

The first Action she was in was that of *Nimwegen*, where they were very roughly handled by the *French*. As this, which deserves rather to be call'd a Battle than an Action, would have ruin'd all the Schemes of the Allies, had they lost it, it will be proper to give an Account of it; to do which, we must return to the Siege of *Keisersweert*.

This Town the *Germans* invested on the 16th of *April*, 1702. On the first Advice which was given Marshal *Boufflers* of this Siege, he pass'd the *Maese*, with Design to surprize a Body of *Dutch* Troops under the Command of Count *Tilly*: But that General being inform'd of the March of the *French*, Monsieur *Boufflers's* Design prov'd abortive. The Count *de Talar* was more successful in his, which he enter'd

ter'd upon a few Days after. He took Post over against *Keisersweert*, on the Banks of the *Rhine*; and thus not only kept open a Communication with the Town by Water, but gall'd the Besiegers so much with his Cannon, that they were obliged to quit their Works, and begin new Attacks, out of the Reach of his Cannon. During this Siege the Duke of *Burgundy* arriv'd at the *French* Army, to take upon him the Command in chief.

Soon after the Arrival of this Prince, Marshal *Boufflers* resolv'd to make a Diversion to save the Town: This was, to surprize *Nimeguen*. After having lain some Days quiet in his Camp, he march'd immediately to *Keverdonk*, and from thence continued his Rout, in order to fall upon the Earl of *Atblone*, who was encamp'd at *Clarenbeek*, in hopes to put him in Confusion, and thereby have an Opportunity of surprizing *Nimeguen*. But the Earl having had Information of his March, detached the Duke of *Wirtemberg* with some Troops, to take Possession of the higher Grounds and Passes in the Neighbourhood of *Mook*, while he follow'd with the rest of the Army. In coming to the Post which he was to defend, the Duke discover'd the Vanguard of the Enemy. He diverted them by a retreating Fight, till the Earl of *Atblone* came up to sustain him. The two Armies continued skirmishing, and both made towards *Nimeguen*; and some *French* mixing with the *Dutch*, got, with the latter, into a few of the Out-works, hoping to push into the Town. This happen'd upon a *Sunday*, and in Sermon-Time. The Burghers taking the Alarm,

alarm, took to their Arms, broke open the Magazines, and drew out the Cannon, which they mounted and play'd upon the *French*. The Fire between the two Armies was all this while very hot. The *French* having placed some Cannon on a rising Ground, made terrible Havock among the *Dutch* Horse, and seized on one of the Fortifications; but a Detachment of the *Dutch* Guards, favoured by the Fire of the Burghers Cannon, soon dislodged them. Marshal *Boufflers*, thus disappointed, retreated about Two in the Afternoon.

In the Interim the Siege of *Keisersweert* was vigorously and successfully push'd on; and the Governor capitulated on the 15th of *June*.

About the Middle of this Siege a Party of Horse and Dragoons were detached from the Army, under the Command of Major-General *Dompere*; Mrs. *Davies* being one of the Detachment. They fell in with a superior Number of *French* Cavalry, and put them to Flight, with a considerable Loss. She had here the good Fortune, though in the thickest of the Engagement, to escape without Hurt, and to be particularly taken notice of by the Officers.

Soon after the Surrender of *Keisersweert*, the *Prussian* Troops join'd the grand Army; and the Earl of *Marlborough*, about the same time, arriv'd with those sent by the Queen of *England*.

After several Motions made in order to draw the *French* to a Battle, a Detachment invested the Town and Citadel of *Venlo*, on the 29th of *August* in the Night. Here Mrs. *Davies* being sent out with a Party of Foragers, her Horse trod

trod on a Scythe the Peasants had left in the Field, which cut him in such a manner, that he was a long time unfit for Service.

Six Days after the Trenches had been opened before this Town, they assaulted and took the Citadel, which soon obliged the Town to capitulate.

Stevenfweert and *Ruremond* were next invested and taken, the former in two Days, the latter in three.

On the 14th of *October*, 1702, the Allies appear'd before *Liege*, and made Preparations to attack the two Forts which commanded the Town. Three Days together they batter'd the Citadel, and the Breach being thought sufficient, they assaulted it the 23d in the Afternoon. They soon carried the Half-Moon, and finding little Resistance, they mounted the Breach Sword in Hand, and made a cruel Slaughter. The *English* in particular distinguish'd themselves in this Assault.

They found in the Place above thirty Pieces of Cannon, twenty thousand Florins in Silver, and a great many valuable Effects. *Mrs. Davies* got but little of the Plunder, except a large Silver Chalice, and some other Pieces of Plate, which she afterwards sold to a *Dutch Jew* for a third Part of their Value.

After this they attack'd the Fort of the *Carthusians* on the other side the *Maese*; but the Garrison fearing an Assault, in less than three Hours desired to capitulate. Articles were that Day agreed upon, and the *French* march'd out the next.

The

The taking of these Places proved a great Refreshment to the Army, for they found a great Quantity of good Wine and excellent Bread.

Thus ended the first Campaign in *Flanders*; the Success of which did not a little raise the Hopes of the Allies.

Though Hostilities were commenced, they were not long carried on before a Declaration of War; which was made on the same Day by the *English, Dutch, and Germans*, viz. May 15, 1702.

This Year Prince *Eugene* surpriz'd *Cremona* in *Italy*; and though the *Germans* were driven out again, they carried off Prisoners, Marshal *Villeroy*, and several other Persons of Distinction.

Mrs. *Davies* was order'd into Quarters at *Venlo*, and a Night or two afterwards was one of those commanded by the Governor to escorte the Earl of *Marlborough* along the Banks of the *Maese*. Mistaking their Way by the Darkness of the Night, they fell in with a Hogsty, where was a Sow with five Pigs, one of which Mrs. *Davies* made bold with, and was possessed of it some time, when a Corporal attempted to take it away from her; on which some Words arising, he drew, and made a Stroke at her Head; which she warding with her Hand, had the Sinew of her little Finger cut in two; and at the same time, with the Butt End of her Pistol, struck out one of the Corporal's Eyes. In the Interim the General was taken Prisoner by a Party of Soldiers, but got off by means of a sham Pass. The News
of

of this Accident was next Day brought to *Venlo*, but not of the Earl's having escaped. The Governor, supposing he had been conducted to *Guelders*, march'd thither at the Head of his Garrison, threatening to come to the utmost Extremity, if he was not deliver'd up. In the mean while he receiv'd certain Advice of the Earl's being in Safety, on which he march'd back to *Venlo*; where they soon after had the News of the Queen's having rewarded the General's Valour with the Titles of Marquis of *Blandford* and Duke of *Marlborough*; on which the customary Rejoicings were made.

During the Quiet of the Winter, Mrs. *Davies* began again to think of her Husband, and made all possible Enquiry after him, but in vain; wherefore she endeavour'd to put away the melancholy Remembrance, by having recourse to Wine and Company; which had the desir'd Effect.

The Duke of *Marlborough* left *London* in *March* 1703, to put himself at the Head of the Army, and open the Campaign. After some little Stay at the *Hague*, to assist at the Conferences there, he set out to invest *Bonn*, the Residence of the Elector of *Cologne*, who had receiv'd into it a *French* Garrison; for which Reason the Allies ravaged the Countries of *Bergues*, *Cologne*, and *Cleves*.

The Trenches were opened on the 3d of *May*, and so brisk a Fire kept up, and the Attacks push'd on with so much Fury, that on the 12th the Breach was large enough for a Regiment to mount at a time, and every thing was ready for a general Assault, when Monsieur

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sieur d'Alegre hung out a white Ensign. The Capitulation was sign'd that Night, and four Days after the Garrison march'd out through the Breach.

The Duke having provided for the Security of this Place, the greatest Part of the Troops employ'd against it march'd towards *Brabant* to join the grand Army. After this Junction the Allies march'd towards the Lines the *French* had thrown up to cover *Brabant*; which Lines they intended to attack, and afterwards, in case they succeeded, to besiege *Antwerp*: And to this end Baron *Obdam* had taken Post at *Ekeren*, pretty near that City, with thirteen Battalions and twenty-six Squadrons; whilst the grand Army was march'd to encamp before the Lines, between *Courselle* and *Beringhen*.

The Distance between the two Armies, and the Feebleness of that commanded by the Baron, made *Boufflers* resolve on surrounding him; and accordingly with fifty-three Battalions, seventy Companies of Grenadiers, and fifty-two Squadrons, on the 29th of *June*, in the Night, he began his March; which was so secret and expeditious, that the Baron, tho he had Information of the *French* being in Motion, had not Time to send off his heavy Baggage; but when he thought of retreating, he found himself surrounded by the Enemy, who attack'd him so briskly, that his Men were driven from the Posts they had taken. The Fight grew hotter and hotter; the *Dutch* taking Courage from their Despair, and the *French* being irritated at so obstinate a Resistance: The Battle lasted till Night, when the *Dutch* Foot
beginning

beginning to want Powder and Ball, with their Bayonets fixed, attack'd and carried the Village of *Otteren*, took one Piece of Cannon, two Kettle Drums, seven Colours, with two Standards; and passing the Night in this Village, they retreated in good Order to *Lillo*.

It was now resolved, in a grand Council of War, since the Enemy could not be brought to a Battle, to draw together all the Troops dispersed in different Posts, and besiege *Huy*; it being thought too hazardous to attack them in their Lines.

When the Army drew near to *Huy*, the Garrison withdrew into the Castle, and the Allies took Possession of the Town. Monsieur *de Villeroy*, some little time before the Trenches were open'd, spread it abroad, that he would give the Confederates Battle; upon which their Army drew up, but he thought proper to retire into his Lines.

The Baron *de Trogné* opened the Trenches before Fort *St. Joseph* on the 17th of *August*, and the next Day Ground was broke before Fort *Picard*. They surrender'd on the 27th, and Count *Sinzendorff* taking Possession of the Place for the Emperor, the Army prepared for another Siege. M. *de Bulau*, Lieutenant General of the *Hanoverian* Troops, was, on the 8th of *September*, detached with twenty-four Squadrons to invest *Limbourg*. On the 26th he began to batter the Place with forty-two Pieces of Cannon and twenty Mortars. The Fire continued very vigorous till about the next Day at Noon, when the Governor seeing great part of the Rampart demolished, beat
the

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the Chamade, and surrender'd Prisoners of War. However, all the Officers were handsomely treated, and nothing taken from them, or even their Soldiers, Arms excepted.

The grand Army did nothing more this Campaign than observe the Enemy, to favour the *Brandenburghers*, who were sat down before *Gueldres*; which they took, after an obstinate Defence, it having been blockaded the whole Summer, and afterwards batter'd with fifty-one Pieces of Cannon, twenty Culverines, and twenty Mortars, which reduced the Town to a Heap of Rubbish.

The Success attending the Arms of the *French* and the Elector of *Bavaria* in *Germany*, alarming *England* and *Holland*, they resolved to seek them, even in the Heart of that Country. To this Purpose their Forces, about the End of *April* 1703, were assembled upon the *Maese*, between *Venlo* and *Maestricht*; where they were join'd, in the Beginning of *May*, by the Duke of *Marlbrough* and Velt-Marshal *Ouwerkerke*. After a Council of War had been held, the Army was divided into two Corps; one of which, strong enough to make head against the *French* in the *Low Countries*, was left under the Command of M. *Ouwerkerke*; and the other, commanded by the Duke of *Marlbrough*, by long and tiresome Marches, reach'd the *Danube*. Here we cannot help taking notice of the Duke's great Humanity, who seeing some of the Foot drop through the Fatigue of the March, took them into his own Coach.

The *French*, following the Example of the Allies, drew 20,000 Men out of the *Low Countries*,

tries, under the Command of *Villeroy*, to reinforce the Elector of *Bavaria* in *Germany*. But before he arriv'd, the Duke of *Marlborough* had join'd the Prince of *Baden* at *Lutshausen*, which obliged the Elector to withdraw to *Dilling*, leaving eighteen of his Regiments and eight Squadrons with the Count of *Arco*, who posted himself on the Hill of *Schellenberg* near *Donawert*, in Entrenchments in a manner inaccessible, that he might cover *Bavaria*. Notwithstanding this, it was resolv'd to attack him, and force a Passage that way to the very Heart of the Electorate.

The Duke decamp'd the 2d of *July*, and the Vanguard came in sight of the Enemy's Entrenchments in the Afternoon. Not to give the *Bavarians* Time to make themselves yet stronger, the Duke order'd the *Dutch* General *Goor*, who commanded the Right Wing composed of *English* and *Dutch*, to attack as soon as possible. They began about Six o'Clock, and were twice repulsed with very great Loss; but, not at all discouraged, they gave a third Assault, at the time the Prince of *Baden* arriv'd with the *German* Troops of the Right Wing, who attack'd on his Side. The Slaughter had lasted above an Hour, when the Duke of *Wurtemberg* had the good Fortune, with seven Squadrons, to enter the Enemy's Trenches by the cover'd Way of *Donawert*, and fall upon their Rear. The *Bavarians* were now soon routed, and a cruel Havock made of them. In the second Attack Mrs. *Davies* receiv'd a Ball in her Hip, which so lodged between the Bones, that it could never be extracted, but almost depriv'd

her of the Use of her Leg and Thigh. When she was thus wounded, she would not be carried off; but being set at the Foot of a Tree, she continued animating her Fellow-Soldiers, till she had the Pleasure of seeing them get into the Trenches, and rout their Enemies.

After the Action was over, she was carried to the Hospital near *Schellenberg*, and put under the Care of three Surgeons, who however did not discover her Sex. Here, while she was under Cure, she receiv'd her Share of the Plunder, which the Duke order'd to be impartially distributed among the Soldiers. Beside the Arms the Fugitives threw away, the Allies took sixteen Pieces of Cannon, thirteen Standards and Colours, all the Tents, and the Baggage and Plate of the Count of *Arco*. This General, when he found his Entrenchments enter'd by the Allies, withdrew to *Donawert*; but the Gates not being open'd soon enough, he threw himself into the *Danube*, and got safe to *Augsbουργ*. When the Gates of *Donawert* were set open, some of the *Bavarians* crowded into it, and at first made a Shew of defending it; but having receiv'd Orders from the Elector to burn the Town, they clapp'd Straw into the Houses, but for fear of their Retreat being cut off, they withdrew hastily, and gave the Inhabitants an Opportunity to save the Town. The Allies found in it three Pieces of Cannon, twelve Pontons of Copper, twenty thousand Weight of Powder, three thousand Sacks of Flour, great Quantities of Oats and other Provisions. This Victory however was purchased by

by the Loss of 3000 brave Men, and several Officers of Distinction.

The Allies having garrison'd *Donawert*, made themselves Masters of *Rain* by Composition, and carried the little Town of *Aicha* Sword in Hand. They had now nothing to prevent their piercing to the very Centre of *Bavaria*, so that the Inhabitants were greatly alarm'd, and many of them quitted their Houses. Even the Electress did not think herself safe in *Munich*, though she had 8000 regular Troops about her, but desir'd Shelter of the Archbishop of *Saltzburg*. In short, the Allies ravaged the Country, pillag'd above fifty Villages, and forced the miserable Inhabitants to seek Refuge in the Woods.

The Elector, who now expected to see his Country laid waste, held a Council of War in the open Field; wherein it was resolved immediately to abandon the Camp of *Lawingen*, and to reinforce the Army as much as possible.

In consequence of this Resolution, they drew out several *Bavarian* Garrisons; after which, their Army encamp'd under the Walls of *Augsbourg*, whither they had before sent immense Sums under a strong Escorte. The Elector compelling the Burghers to work Day and Night on the Entrenchments of his Camp, surrounded it with a Ditch fifty Feet wide, and proportionably deep, that he might, in greater Security, wait the Succours he expected from *France*.

His Expectations were not vain, for the Marshals *Villeroy* and *Tallard* arriv'd at *Augsbourg* the Beginning of *August*. Prince *Eugene*

of *Savoy*, who had hitherto watch'd them, now join'd the grand Army, part of which formed the Siege of *Ingoldstadt*, under the Command of the Prince of *Baden*. The Enemy were, by this Siege, drawn out of their Entrenchments, and having posted themselves at *Hochstet*, the Allies resolv'd to go thither and attack them, though their Right was protected by the *Danube*, their Left by the Wood of *Lutzingen*, and their Front by two Rivulets and a Morass.

At Six o'Clock in the Morning, on the 13th of *August* 1704, they came in sight of the Enemy, and about Eleven were drawn up in Order of Battle. They then threw five Bridges, made of Fascines and Tin Pontons, over the Rivulet; and at Two the Signal was given to attack.

Every one has read an Account of this Battle, which was as memorable as that of *Crecy* or *Agincourt*; wherefore it is needless to give a Detail of it. We shall only take notice of one thing, in honour to the Duke of *Marlborough*, which is, That after part of the Horse of the Left Wing of the Allied Army had passed with a good deal of Difficulty the Rivulet, the rest endeavouring also to pass it, were twice repulsed; which the Duke seeing, led them on himself for the third time, and making the Enemy give Ground, their main Battle was defeated; and their Right, which opposed the Duke, and was of *French* Troops, was driven to the Banks of the *Danube*, and separated from the rest of the Army.

After the Victory of *Hochstet*, the Allies did not think proper to push on the Siege of *Ingoldstadt*;

golstadt; wherefore, leaving some Forces to keep it invested, the rest march'd to reinforce the grand Army, commanded by Prince *Eugene*. The *English* and *Dutch*, under the Command of the Duke of *Marlborough*, on the 22d of *August* appeared before *Ulm*, where the Enemies, in their Flight, had left a strong Garrison under the Command of General *Betten-dorf*. The Governor being summon'd, and answering, *That he would defend the Town to the last Extremity*, a Council of War was held, and, according to the Resolutions therein taken, the Army divided: Prince *Eugene* and the Duke march'd with the major Part towards the *Rhine*; and the rest, which were *Imperial* Troops, continued in *Suabia*, under the Command of General *Thungen*, to take *Ulm*, and other Towns in the Possession of the Enemy, which he did.

After the Reduction of *Ulm*, which soon capitulated notwithstanding the resolute Answer sent to the Duke's Summons, the Baron *de Thungen* join'd the grand Army under the Duke of *Marlborough*, which cover'd the Siege of *Landau*. The King of the *Romans* came to the Siege, and was met by Prince *Eugene* and the Duke between *Philipsbourg* and *Landau*, who conducted him through the Army to his Quarters at *Ilbesheim*.

This Town, and all others in which the Elector had Garrisons, were evacuated by Treaty, he himself entirely stripp'd of his Country, his Electress and Children made Prisoners, and his Subjects disarm'd and obliged to take an Oath of Allegiance to the Emperor. In a word, *Bavaria* was treated as a conquer'd Country,

try, and Count *Lewenstein-Worthem* was made Governor of it.

This Electorate was miserably plunder'd, the Allies sparing nothing, but killing, burning, or otherwise destroying whatever they could not carry off. The Bells of the Churches were broke to pieces; and Mrs. *Davies*, having left the Hospital time enough to have a Share in the Plunder, fill'd two Bed-Ticks with Bell-Metal, Men's and Women's Cloaths, some Velvets, and about a hundred *Dutch* Caps; all which she sold for four Pistoles to a *Jew*, who follow'd the Army to purchase the Pillage. She likewise got several Pieces of Plate, &c. which the same conscionable Merchant had at his own Price.

Landau, after a vigorous Defence, surrender'd to the King of the *Romans* on the 22d of *November*. It was first invested on the 13th of *September*.

But to return to the History of our Heroine. After the Battle of *Hochstet*, in which she receiv'd no Hurt, though often in the hottest of the Fire, she was one of those detach'd to guard the Prisoners, who were in a very miserable Condition, and almost naked. They march'd them to the Plain of *Breda*, where they halted to refresh; each Man, Prisoners and all, being allow'd a Pint of Beer and a Pennyworth of Bread and Cheese. During their Halt here, Mrs. *Davies* was amused with two very different Scenes by the Women, some of them bewailing the Loss of their Husbands or Lovers, who fell in the two memorable Battles of *Schellenberg* and *Hochstet*; and others congratulating

gratulating and careſſing their Sweethearts and Spouſes who had eſcap'd the Danger. Among the latter, ſhe obſerved a Woman, with a viſible Joy in her Face, make up to a Man whom Mrs. *Davies* fancied ſhe had known; and upon a nearer Examination ſhe found it to be her Huſband, on whoſe Account ſhe had experienced ſo much Fatigue, and ſo often hazarded her Life. The ſeeing him careſs this *Dutch* Woman, for ſuch ſhe really was, raiſed in her ſo great an Indignation, that ſhe was reſolv'd to baniſh every tender Thought that might plead in his Favour, and wipe the Idea of him out of her Memory. She was ſo divided between Rage and Love, Reſentment and Compaſſion, and the Agitation of her Mind had ſuch a viſible Effect on her Countenance, that her Comrade aſk'd her, What was the Occaſion that her Colour chang'd, and ſhe trembled in ſuch a manner? After ſome little time, having recover'd her Spirits, ſhe answer'd, *That the ſudden and unexpected Sight of a Brother, whom ſhe had not ſeen for twelve Years before, occaſion'd the Diſorder he obſerv'd.* She then begg'd her Comrade to ſtep and aſk him, *If his Name was not Richard Welſh, and when he had heard from his Wife and Children?* He did ſo, and brought her word, *That as he was the firſt Man upon Command, ſhe might ſpeak with him at the main Guard.* Hardly had he deliver'd theſe few Words, when the Drums and Trumpets founded a March.

Upon their Arrival at *Breda*, after the Priſoners were ſecur'd, and Mrs. *Davies* had perform'd her Duty, ſhe went to the main Guard

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in search of her Husband, where she learnt that he was at a Publick House behind it. She immediately went thither, and passing through the outward Room to the Kitchen, saw him there drinking with the *Dutch* Woman. She took no notice of him, but desir'd the Landlady to shew her a private Room; which she did, and bringing her a Pint of Beer, left her to her own melancholy Reflections. Having indulged her Grief, and given Vent to her Tears, she endeavour'd to compose herself; and drinking a little of the *Hougarde*, which is a sort of Beer, in Colour like Whey, she wash'd her Eyes and Face with the rest, to conceal her having wept. Then calling the Landlady to bring another Pint, she desir'd her to acquaint the young Man of *Orkney's* Regiment, drinking in the Kitchen, that she would be glad to speak to him. She deliver'd the Message, and he came in accordingly. Mrs. *Davies* sat with her Back to the Light, that she might not be discover'd before she had sound'd her Husband's Heart. Having saluted him by Name, and enquir'd when he had heard from his Wife and Children; Sir, said he, *I have heard no News of them these twelve Years, though I have written no less than a dozen Letters to her, which I am apt to believe have miscarried. I believe, Sir, answer'd Mrs. Davies, you do not lay that to heart, since a Number of pretty Girls here can easily compensate the Absence of a Wife; you, doubtless, find it so.* Sir, replied he, *you take me for a Villain, and you lye; I don't find it so.* This Language, though highly affronting on any other Occasion, gave Mrs. *Davies* more
Pleasure

Pleasure than the finest Compliment. A sudden Trembling seiz'd her, which he taking notice of, and viewing her more intently, discover'd that she was his Wife. Upon this, after Expressions of the greatest Surprise and Tenderness, he ran to her, clasp'd her in his Arms, kiss'd her, and wept for Joy. As soon as she could disengage herself, *Yes, Richard, said she, 'tis I, who have been so long in search of an ungrateful Husband. What a Reward have I met with for abandoning my aged Mother, my Babes, and my Country, to expose myself to the Dangers and Hardships of War, in search of a Husband whom I have at last found in the Arms of another Woman! What Fault of mine could make you cruelly desert me and your Children; and was it possible for me to think you could make me so barbarous a Return for all my Tenderness?* My dear Christian, replied he, *use not such cruel and undeserved Reproaches; had you received any of my Letters, you must have learnt that my Misfortune, not my Fault, was the Cause of our unhappy Separation.* I wish, said she, interrupting him, *I had not receiv'd that which you said was your twelfth. That made me resolve to undergo all Dangers, rather than not find you out; had it not come to hand, I might have been still deceived in the Belief of your Death, Time would have mitigated my Grief, and forgetting you, as I am a Witness you did me, I might have continued at this Time in an easy and happy Situation. I have at length found you, but so alter'd from the just and loving Husband you once were, that I had rather have had Assurance of your Death, than see you thus survive your Affections.* Believe me, said he, my dear

dear Christian, they are still as warm towards you as ever; excuse me, and make a just Distinction between the tender Love for a Wife, and the trifling Complaisance for such Creatures, as may prove our Amusement, but can never gain our Esteem.

Here the Woman, surprized at his Stay, came to the Door, and said, *My Dear, why do you leave me thus alone?* This Expression of her Fondness threw him into a Passion, and he swore that if ever she spoke in that manner again, or follow'd him any more, he would be her Death. *Passion*, said Mrs. Davies, *proceeds very often from Guilt. It is not manly to use a Woman ill, especially if you have seduced her, as I doubt you have, with a Promise of Marriage. In such Case I shall hold her innocent, if, when she knows you have a Wife and Children, she breaks off a Conversation, which will then be criminal in her to continue.* Young Woman, said she, turning to her, *is this Man your Husband?* She answer'd in the Affirmative, and he denied it with bitter Imprecations. Mrs. Davies repeating the Question to the Woman, she said, *Indeed the Ceremony had not been performed, but that they had been contracted several Months, and cohabited as Man and Wife. I am sorry for your Misfortune*, said Mrs. Davies, *for this Man has had a Wife many Years, by whom he has had three Children; so that you can have nothing to expect from him but Scandal. If you value your own Reputation or Safety, or have any Regard for him, avoid him for the future.* The poor Woman burst into a Flood of Tears, and said she was betray'd by his reiterated Promises,
back'd

back'd with solemn Oaths, to make her his lawful Wife. This he denied as passionately, which made the Woman vilify him in the most opprobrious Terms. At length Mrs. Davies's Temper and Reasons brought them to a Calm; but the poor Creature went away weeping, and with a seeming Resolution never to see him more. When she was gone, Mrs. Davies represented to him, in the blackest Colours, the Villainy of seducing young Women by Promises of Marriage; and told him after this, That notwithstanding the Hardships she had gone through, she had still an Inclination to continue in the Service, and to that End would pass as his Brother, and furnish him with what Necessaries he wanted, while he conceal'd her Sex; but if ever he discover'd her, he should find her a dangerous Enemy.

What then, said he, have you run so many Hazards, borne the Fatigue of so many Years, only to have the Satisfaction of tormenting me? Do you call this Love? Banish me your Bed! ----- Mrs. Davies interrupted him with saying, *He had forfeited his Right to it, by having taken another to his; that her Resolution was fixed, and therefore desired he would put an end to a vain Solicitation, till Accident, or Peace, discover'd her to be a Woman. Well, said he, I hope Time will mollify you; I must obey.* After having sat together some little time, Mrs. Davies gave her Husband a Piece of Gold, telling him, he would find her a kind and generous Brother; but that he must not think of enjoying his Wife, while she could remain concealed, and the War lasted. He embraced her passionately, and

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and they withdrew to their respective Posts. They saw and conversed with each other every Day, and her Husband kept the Secret according to her Desire.

Having secured their Prisoners, they return'd to the Army, which, under the Command of the Duke of *Marlborough*, cover'd the Siege of *Lendau* before mention'd. After the Surrender of this Town, they were order'd to Winter Quarters in *Holland*, leaving the Foot, among which was Mrs. *Davies's* Husband, behind them.

Our Heroine obtain'd Leave to visit the *Hague*, and from thence made a Tour to *Rotterdam*. In the *Drag-Schoot*, happening to sit by a pretty Dutch Girl, and praise her Beauty, the Girl return'd, *You are very complaisant, Sir; but I don't know any one to whom I would more willingly appear agreeable; you are a pretty young Fellow.* I find, says Mrs. *Davies*, you are turning me into Ridicule for speaking my Sentiments: Indeed, what I said was needless, because you cannot but be conscious of your own Perfections; but out of the Fulness of the Heart the Mouth speaks. The very Reason, replied she, that, before I was aware, I spoke my Thoughts, which are altogether as sincere as your Compliment. Were they so, said Mrs. *Davies*, I should be the happiest Man in the whole Army of the Allies. And could I make you that happy Man, replied the Girl, it would perhaps make me the most miserable Woman in the World. Then you are of opinion, says Mrs. *Davies*, that a Soldier cannot make a good Husband. That is not my Reason, answer'd the Girl; but because I should be in continual Apprehension

—The LIFE of Mrs. DAVIES. 61

benfion for your Life, and never know a Minute's Peace in your Absence. After more Discourse of this Nature, the Schoot arriv'd at *Delft*, which Town they crofs'd, in order to take another Schoot at *Amsterdam*. Mrs. *Davies* gallanted her pretty Lady through the Street, said all the fine things she could think of, and was very importunate to know the Place of her Abode. In a word, on their Arrival at *Amsterdam*, she permitted Mrs. *Davies* to conduct her to her Lodgings, and call'd for a Bottle of Wine. After this Refreshment, and several Compliments pass'd on each side, Mrs. *Davies* took her Leave, telling her Fair-one she would take a more convenient Opportunity to wait upon her. She got a Lodging in a House where a Scots Serjeant of her Acquaintance, whose Name was *John Beggs*, then lodg'd. They were glad to see each other, supp'd together, and over a Bottle she told *John* what a fortunate Adventure she had met with in her Passage. *I assure you*, said he, *you have Reason to call it fortunate, for they are mighty virtuous young Ladies; there are three Sisters and the Mother, who live together, and are noted for their extensive Charity. I have the Honour to be well acquainted with the Family; if you consent to it, we'll wait on them to-morrow.* This Proposal Mrs. *Davies* readily agreed to.

The next Day, after Dinner, they went to pay a Visit to the young Lady, and were introduced into the same Parlour Mrs. *Davies* had been in the Evening before. *John* bid the Maid bring a Bottle of Wine, and tell the Lady of the House he was there. Mrs. *Davies* reprimanded

manded him for his Freedom, and told him she thought he took as much Liberty as if he was in a publick House. *Oh*, said he, *they allow me to take what Liberty I please: They are the best-natur'd Family in Holland.* At that Instant the young Lady came in, whom *John* taking hold of, pull'd upon his Knee, and she suffer'd him to take such Liberties as convinc'd *Mrs. Davies* that there was not a Family of more extensive Charity; of which she soon gave her a farther Proof, by throwing her Arms round her Neck, and endeavouring to kiss her. *Mrs. Davies* push'd her rudely off, and would have gone directly out of the House, had not the Lady placed herself before the Door, telling her, she must first pay for the Bottle of Wine she had the Evening before. Upon being told it was a *Guilder*, she threw down the Money, and flew out of the House in a Rage. *John* paid the other Bottle, and follow'd her, ready to split his Sides with Laughter.

Having visited *Amsterdam*, our Heroine return'd to her Quarters, where she staid till the Opening of the Campaign of 1705. The Duke of *Marlborough* arrived at the *Hague* the middle of *April*, and having placed himself at the Head of the Army, march'd towards the *Moselle*, to join the *Germans* betimes, not doubting but the *French* would draw off from the *Low-Countries* a considerable Number of their Forces, and send them the same Way to oppose the Allies; but the *French* were satisfied the Duke would lose a great deal of Time in waiting for the *Germans*, and were therefore determined in the mean time to undertake some important Expedition

pedition on the *Maese*. The *Dutch* Army, not being strong enough to keep the Field, was entrench'd under the Cannon of *Maestricht*. The *French* quitting their Lines on the 27th of *May*, the next Day invested *Huy*. The Town, which was defenceless, immediately surrender'd. On the 30th at Night, the Trenches were opened before Fort *Picard*, which was carried on the third Assault. They then raised new Batteries against the others, and made such a terrible Fire, that *Cronstrom*, who was Governor, was obliged to surrender Prisoner of War.

The *French* taking *Huy*, and laying Siege to the Citadel of *Liege*, together with the Want of Magazines on the *Moselle*, by which the Duke's Army began to suffer, and the Distance of the *Germans* rendering it impossible for them to join him time enough to undertake any thing considerable on that Side, obliged the Duke to quit the *Moselle*. He was no sooner arriv'd in the Neighbourhood of *Maestricht*, but the *French* abandon'd the City of *Liege*, raised the Siege of the Citadel, and withdrew, as usual, into their Lines. The Army being now united, retook *Huy*; and, by the Advice of the Duke, resolv'd to attack the Enemy's Lines. They accordingly march'd directly to attack them at one and the same time at *Heilsheim*, and at the Villages of *Nederhespen* and *Oostmalen*. The Vanguard being, at Break of Day, arriv'd at the Place of Rendezvous, Count *Noyelles* immediately assaulted the Castle of *Wang*, which, after a small Defence, he carried, and entering the Lines with the Runaways, drew up in Order of Battle.

Lieutenant-

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Lieutenant-General *Schultz*, with as great Facility, made himself Master of the Villages of *Overhespen* and *Nederhespen*; by which the Horse and Dragoons having Openings to enter the Lines, the Duke led them on, and form'd them to make head against the Enemy. They were soon opposed by a large Body of Horse and Foot; but the Duke charged them so briskly, that he entirely routed them, and made himself Master of eight Pieces of Cannon. The rest of the *French*, who were advancing to support the foremost Corps, seeing their Horse take to flight, follow'd their Example. This Success was follow'd by the taking of *Tirlemont*, where the Garrison were made Prisoners. The *French* Army, which was obliged to retreat, some towards *Namur*, and others towards *Louvain*, found Means to unite and entrench themselves behind the *Dyle*. The Duke would have attack'd them here, but was opposed by the *Dutch*; which he resented so much, that the *States*, to give him Satisfaction, removed General *Schlangenburg*, who made the Opposition. After having continued some time in View of the Enemy, the Allies marched to *Lewwe*, and invested it, notwithstanding its being situated in the middle of a Morass. The Siege was carried on so vigorously by Lieutenant General *Dedem*, that the Baron *du Mont*, who commanded in the Place, offered to surrender, on condition of having military Honours allow'd him. This being rejected, he and his Garrison were soon compell'd to yield themselves Prisoners of War.

The

The confederate Army having levell'd the *French Lines*, broken the *Sluices*, and demolish'd the *Outworks of Tirlemont*, marched to *Herentbals*, and the Duke made a Tour to the *Hague*. On his Return to the Army, they besieged *Sanduliet*, which in three Days time surrender'd. The taking of this Town putting an end to the Operations of the Campaign, the Duke of *Marlborough* went to *Vienna*, where he was received with the highest Marks of Distinction. The Emperor confirmed him Prince of the Empire, erected the District of *Mildenheim* into a Principality for him, and gave Advice of it to the Diet of *Ratisbon*, enjoining them to receive a Deputy of this Principality, and to give him Place in their Sessions.

Nothing worth the Reader's Notice happen'd to our Heroine in particular this Winter. New Recruits and Horses arrived in *Holland* the 3d of *April* 1706, and the Duke of *Marlborough*, with a Number of Volunteers, landed there on the 25th. The Enemy had wrought hard all Winter upon their Entrenchments behind the *Dyle*, and on the fortifying *Louvain*, where they had brought together prodigious Quantities of Flour, Hay, Oats, and all Sorts of Ammunition.

The Duke of *Lorrain*, fearing his Country would be made the Seat of War, from the Duke of *Marlborough's* March to the *Moselle* in 1705, when he drew near his Frontiers, sent the Count *Martigny* to his Grace, with a very complaisant Letter; in which he intreated him to use that Moderation towards a defenceless Country, which had, on many other Occa-
E sions,

sions, heighten'd his great Character. He also obtain'd from the King of the *Romans*, the Emperor's Protection; and, by a Memorial, desir'd the *States General* to observe the same Neutrality. His Envoy receiv'd the following Answer to his Memorial: "That the *States* " having being inform'd that the *French* had " not only possess'd themselves of very advan- " tagious Posts in *Lorraine*, but were actually " at work to fortify *Nancy*, they could not " look upon such a Procedure as other than an " Infraction of the Neutrality, which they had " desir'd the Duke to observe, by compelling " the *French* to evacuate those Places which " they had seized." *France* however was very far from such a Disposition; for the King apprehending an Invasion by the way of *Lorraine*, in the very Beginning of this Year placed Garri- sons in all the Duke's fortified Towns, and obliged him to furnish three Millions of Livres yearly, towards the Expence of the War.

This little Digression may serve to give the Reader some Idea of the Situation of Affairs at that Time.

Every thing being ready for opening the Campaign, the Army of the Allies encamp'd between *Corris* and *Tourine*. The *French* also left their Entrenchments on the *Dyle*, with design to surprize the Allies, while they were superior; for they had certain Intelligence, that the Elector of *Brandenbourg* would not be overhasty in sending his Troops to the Rendezvous, and that the *Danes* had refused to march, by reason of the Arrears due to them. The *States* being appriz'd of the Designs of the *French*, wrote

wrote to the *Danes* to join the Army with all possible Expedition, and they would give them immediate Satisfaction. They readily obey'd, and, after taking proper Measures, it was resolv'd rather to attack than wait the Enemy. The *French*, who were advanced as far as *Ramelies*, meeting the Allies on their March, were terribly embarrassed: However, there was no avoiding a Battle; which began about Two in the Afternoon. The Left Wing of the confederate Army, which attack'd the Right Wing of the Enemy, met with a stout Resistance, but at length put them to flight; and their Right Wing was not less successful. In a word, the Enemy was every where entirely routed, and never Victory was more compleat. The shatter'd Remains of their Army fled different Ways in the greatest Confusion: A vast Number were taken Prisoners in the Pursuit, many Colours and Standards, Artillery, Ammunition, and Baggage. Mrs. *Davies* escaped unhurt, tho' in the hottest of the Battle, till the *French* were entirely defeated; when an unluckly Shell from a Steeple, on which they had planted some Mortars, struck the back Part of her Head, and fractur'd her Skull. She was carried to a small Town in the Quarter of *Louvain*, where she was trepan'd, and had all possible Care taken of her, but did not recover in less than ten Weeks. What gave her more Uneasiness than the Wound itself, was, that the Surgeons saw her Breasts, and by that means made a Discovery of her Sex; with which they soon acquainted Brigadier *Preston*, telling him that his pretty Dragoon (for so she was always called)

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was in fact a Woman. He was very loth to believe it, and did her the Honour to say, *He had always look'd upon her as the prettiest Fellow and the best Man he had.* His Incredulity made him send for her supposed Brother, who finding the Secret discover'd, acknowledged that she was his Wife, and that he had had three Children by her. The News of this Discovery spread far and near, and brought Mrs. *Davies* abundance of Visitors, and Lord *John Hayes* amongst the rest. My Lord first examin'd her Comrade, who protested that he never knew, or even suspected, that his Bedfellow was a Woman. Her Husband being then call'd in, gave my Lord a full Account of his Wife's Adventures, and the Reason of them; adding the Particulars of their meeting, and her obstinate Refusal of bedding with him. My Lord seem'd very well entertain'd with our *Amazon's* History, and order'd that she should want for nothing, and that her Pay should be continued while she was under Cure. When his Lordship heard she was well enough to go abroad, he sent her some Shirts and Sheets to make into Shifts. Brigadier *Preston* made her a Present of a handsome Silk Gown; and every one of the Officers contributed something requisite to the Dress of her Sex, dismissing her the Service with a handsome Compliment. Being thus equipp'd, she waited on all her Benefactors to return them Thanks. Lord *Hayes* said, *He hoped she would not continue her Cruelty to her Husband.* She answer'd, *My Lord, the Discovery of my Sex has now removed the Cause, and I have no Objection to living with my Husband,*

as

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as 'tis the Duty of an honest Wife. Well, said my Lord, *I am satisfied; we will have a new Wedding.* Accordingly all the Officers of the Regiment were invited, and the Marriage Ceremony was again repeated with great Solemnity: After which every one would kiss the Bride, and made her very handsome Presents at parting.

Mrs. *Davies*, who had always an Aversion to an idle Life, and, having now no Pay, was under a Necessity of doing something for a Support, undertook to cook for the Regiment, returning to her Husband's Quarters every Night. She did not long carry on this Business, as the close Attendance it requir'd prevented her marroding, which was vastly more beneficial. After she had given over cooking, she turned Suttler, and by the Indulgence of the Officers was permitted to pitch her Tent in the Front, while others were driven to the Rear of the Army.

The Rapidity of the Conquests which attended the Victory of *Ramelies* is so remarkable, that we cannot pass it over in Silence.

The victorious Army having rested the Night which follow'd the Battle, briskly pursued the Enemy the next Morning, and crossed the *Dyle* near *Louvain*. This large City submitted, and the Allies placed a Garrison in it. Hence they march'd on to *Brussels*, from which Place the Elector of *Bavaria* had retired after the last Battle. Wherefore, the Town being summon'd by a Letter from the Duke of *Marlborough* and the Deputies of the *States*, opened her Gates, and submitted to King *Charles*. *Mecklin* and *Lire* follow'd this Example.

The Elector of *Bavaria* seem'd determin'd to stand the Allies behind the *Scheld*, near *Ghent*, with the Troops he had saved: But they did not give him Time to entrench himself; for they decamp'd from *Grimbergen*, and being advanced as far as *Meerbeek*, they heard that the Enemy had abandon'd the Lines in *Flanders*. While the Army was on its March, Mrs. *Davies* join'd it, being entirely recover'd. On this Advice *Ghent* was summon'd, which surrender'd to Major-General *Cadogan*. General *Fagel* possessed himself of *Bruges*, and, without striking a Stroke, made himself Master of *Damme*, and of the Castle of *Rodenbuis*, or *Red House*. After the Enemy had abandon'd all their Lines in the Country of *Waas*, the Garrison of *Antwerp* making a Shew of Defence, General *Cadogan* marched thither with twelve hundred Men, and summon'd the Place. After many Parleys, the Garrison capitulated. The next Day the *French* also evacuated Fort *Pearl*, Fort *Mary*, and Fort *Philip*, situated on the *Scheld*, and near to *Antwerp*. Even *Oudenarde*, being summon'd on the 1st of *June*, surrender'd the next Day. Thus the winning of one single Battle reduced all *Brabant*, and a great Part of *Flanders*.

After this successful Opening of the Campaign, the Duke of *Marlborough* went to the *Hague*, to consult with the *States General* on the Plan of military Operations. On his Return he immediately invested *Ostend* by Land, while Admiral *Fairborn* block'd it up by Sea. The Town could not be entirely inclosed, without taking Fort *de Plasendaal*; which General *Fagel*

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Fagel attack'd with such Resolution, that he carried it, and made the Garrison Prisoners of War. The Fire upon the Town, both from the Land and Sea, was so terrible, that it capitulated in a few Days, though it had, under the Government of Archduke *Albert*, held out a three Years Siege.

After the Reduction of *Ostend*, the Town of *Courtray* sent Deputies to the Generals to make its Submission, the *French* having abandon'd it after they had exacted large Contributions. The next thing the Army undertook was the Siege of *Menin*, with two hundred Pieces of Cannon; which Place, though call'd the Key of *France*, held out but eighteen Days after the Trenches were opened, and surrender'd upon Terms, in a Month after it was invested. The Allies lost a great many Men in this Siege. Mrs. *Davies* was not obliged to expose herself to any Danger; which she did however, by following her Husband, whom she would never abandon. While the Army staid here to fill up the Works and repair the Breaches, General *Churchill* was detached to reduce *Dendermonde*; which made a more obstinate Resistance than was expected, but surrender'd on the 5th of *September*.

The Siege of *Aeth* was next undertaken, by Field-Marshal *Ouwerkerke*, or *Auverquerque*; General *Ingoldby* broke Ground on the 20th at Night, with the Loss of one Man only; for the Enemy imagining the Trenches would be opened on the contrary Side, had drawn their Strength to that Quarter. When our Heroine's Husband marched with General *Ingoldby* to the Side where they were to break Ground, he left

her boiling the Pot, with which she design'd to regale him and the Officers of his Regiment. When the Meat was ready, she cover'd it with Cloths so close that no Steam could get out, and venturing through a Village belonging to the Enemy, by a Circuit of five Miles, got safe with her Provisions on her Head to the Trench. Having found her Husband, she set the Broth and Meat before him; he invited his Colonel and other Officers, who were not a little surprized at the Risque his Wife had run, and that she could bring it hot such a Length of Way. Lord *Auverquerque*, who was come to thank the Officers and Soldiers for their Diligence, stood talking to some of the former, when Mrs. *Davies*, looking through the Sand-Bags, saw a Soldier who came out of the Town to gather Turnips. She took a Piece out of one of the Soldiers Hands, and call'd to an Officer to see her shoot him. 'Tis probable they were just then perceived; for the Instant she kill'd the Man, a Musquet-Shot from the Town came through the Sand-Bags, split her under Lip, beat one of her Teeth into her Mouth, and knock'd her down. Both this Shot, and that which Mrs. *Davies* fir'd at the Soldier, were so exactly at a Time, that none could tell whether she fell by the recoiling of her own Piece, or the Enemy's Ball. Her Husband ran to take her up, imagining she was shot through the Head; but she convinced him to the contrary, by spitting the Ball and Tooth into her Hand. General *Ingoldsfy*'s Surgeon sewed up her Lip, and took proper Care of her. Lord *Auverquerque*, who had seen what passed, made
her

her a Present of five Pistoles. In a few Days the Breaches were so wide, that the Besieged beat the Chamade; but all Terms were refused them, and the Garrison obliged to surrender Prisoners of War. The Reduction of this Town put an End to the Campaign of 1706 in the *Low Countries*, and the Army soon after march'd into Winter Quarters. Mrs. Davies's Regiment (for so we call that to which her Husband belong'd) was quarter'd in *Ghent*, where she was deliver'd of a Child before her Time, which lived about half a Year. Rather than live an idle Life, she hired herself to Mrs. *Dupper*, the head Sutler, to be under the Cook. While she was in this Service, the Cook had one Day Orders to dress something for Mr. *Stone* the Surgeon, which was ready for the Table, when Lieutenant *St. Leger* came in to the Kitchen, and would have it for himself; the Cook would not yield to it, and the Lieutenant knock'd him down. Mrs. *Davies*, irritated at the Injustice of the Action, ran to the Lieutenant, collar'd him, threw up his Heels, and in the Fall he broke his Leg. Mr. *Dupper*, Mr. *Stone*, and several others ran in, and every one allow'd her to have been in the right. Mr. *Stone* refused to set his Leg, which was done by a *French* Surgeon, but after such a bungling Manner, that it was no small Mortification to him, who was a tall, strong, well-made, black Man, and had no small Opinion of himself.

During Mrs. *Davies*'s Stay in *Ghent*, the *Dutch* Woman, with whom she found her Husband at *Breda*, had the Confidence to take
a Lodging

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a Lodging opposite to theirs; and one Day, just at Dinner-time, inveigled him to an Ale-house. Mrs. *Davies* going out to look for him, was inform'd where he was, and with what Company. This News setting her in a Flame, she ran thither directly, and saw them sitting in a Box, the Woman outermost. Her Rage was so great, that she struck at her with a Case-Knife, and cut her Nose off close to her Face, except a small Part of the Skin, by which it hung. Her Husband leaping over the Table, ran to the main Guard for a Surgeon, who sewed it on again; but the Wound, however, disfigur'd her. Mrs. *Davies's* Husband, by Order of the Colonel, was confined, and reprimanded very severely: His *Dulcinea* did not come off so easily, for she was put into a turning Stool, and whirl'd round till she was dizzy, and so sick that she emptied her Stomach. This Stool is like a round Cage, big enough to hold one Person, fix'd upon a Spindle, in which the Criminal is expos'd to the Ridicule of all the By-standers. After she had undergone this Punishment, she was conducted out of the Gates of the Town with great Ceremony. Mrs. *Davies* afterwards acknowledg'd, that the Violence of her Temper, which was a very jealous one, carried her too far on this Occasion; for in the Place where she found them, they could not have wrong'd her; nor had she any Reason to think her Husband had been guilty of any criminal Familiarity with Women from the Time she found him. The Woman who rais'd this Jealousy married at *Groeningen*; where Mrs. *Davies* often afterwards met her,

her, and was as well pleased, as she was mortified, at the Figure she made by the Amputation of her Nose, and its being stitch'd on again.

Soon after her rough Treatment of her Husband's Mistress, a Man and a Woman were executed for a barbarous Murder. The Man was married to a very handsome Woman at *Oudenarde*, by whom he had had three Children, and who was, at the Time he perpetrated this Villainy, big of the fourth. The Female Criminal was his Servant, a very pretty Girl, with whom he carried on an Intrigue; and, that he might do it without Controul, resolved to take off his Wife by Poison, which he accordingly prepared, and bad the Wench put it into her Mistress's Water-gruel; then went to *Ghent*. She punctually obey'd this Order, and it had the dire Effect proposed: The poor Woman swell'd amazingly, and was in the utmost Torture. Her little Boy, about nine Years old, hearing his Mother cry out in her Agonies, ran and brought her Relations; but nothing could relieve her; and it being evident that she was poison'd, the Maid was secured, who in Prison confess'd that she had put something into her Mistress's Water-gruel by her Master's Order. Upon this Confession, four Men were appointed to watch his Return to the Town, which was about Sun-set. He was immediately seiz'd and put into a separate Prison, and in a few Days the whole Truth was sifted out; on which they were condemn'd, and the next Day executed; the Maid was beheaded, and the Master broke upon the Wheel.

After

After the Execution was over, they were hung in Chains, the Woman by the Heels, the Man by the Neck.

Mrs. *Davies* and others marching that way some time after this Execution, one of the Company observing a Bird go in and out of a certain Part of the Woman's Body that may be easily guess'd at, cried out, *Z---s, there's a Bird's Nest*, and nam'd the Place, which Modesty forbids us to repeat. However, Mrs. *Davies* went to search, and pull'd out five young Birds just fledg'd, to the Amazement of all that beheld them. And since, near *Holloway*, as she was walking one Summer's Evening, she observ'd a Multitude of People taking notice of a Bird flying in and out through the Sockets of the Eye of a Man hung in Chains. When Mrs. *Davies* told the Mob she was assur'd a Bird had built her Nest there, in general they hooted her with Scorn: But offering to lay a Wager of a Crown to prove her Assertion, she was soon taken up; and procuring a Ladder from a neighbouring House, she clapp'd it against the Gibbet, mounted it, and drew out a Wren's Nest with five Eggs. The Man who had laid the Wager with her, wanted to be off; and thought, because she was a Woman, to laugh her out of it: But she not being used to such Trifling, declar'd if he would not give her the Crown, she would have it out of his Bones. *Well*, replied the Fellow, *you shall have it if you can get it. Shall I*, said she? *I'll try that*. Upon which she flew at him, giving and receiving several smart Blows; till at last she seiz'd him by the Collar, tripp'd up his Heels,

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Heels, laid him a-crofs her Knees, pull'd down his Breeches, and gave him three or four Slaps on his bare Bum, among several hundred Spectators, who applauded her Revenge with loud Huzza's! That done, she seiz'd him by the Legs, and shook his Money out of his Pocket upon the Ground. She took up her Crown, telling him she should take but her own, and he might go to the Devil with the rest. He took the Remainder, put up his Breeches, and sneak'd off with a hollowing Mob at his Tail. This Rencounter prov'd very lucky to Mrs. *Davies*, for the Engagement stopp'd several Gentlemen to see the Event of it; and among them a Collection was made of eight Pounds fourteen Shillings, which she carried home in Triumph.

As the Year 1706 was remarkable for Prince *Eugene's* raising the Siege of *Turin*, we think it will not be disagreeable to take a Step into *Italy*, and give a short Account of the Situation of Affairs in *Savoy*. On the 29th of *September* the *French* invested *Turin*, but they withdrew from thence on the 10th of *October*, and attempted *Asti*; but failing there, they made themselves amends by the Reduction of *Nice*, which the Duke of *Berwick* invested and took by Capitulation.

During the Winter, 1705, the King of *France* had made vast Preparations for the Reduction of the Capital of *Savoy*. The Duke, on the other hand, did not lose Courage, but did every thing that a brave and prudent Prince ought, for the Defence of his Country; employing the Subsidies he drew from *England* and

and *Holland*, in well storing his Metropolis with Provision and Ammunition, in repairing the old, and adding new Fortifications. The Town being invested, was assaulted and defended with equal and surprizing Bravery. While they were furiously intent upon taking and retaking the Outworks, Prince *Eugene* began his March for *Italy* with the *Imperial* Army, greatly reinforced by the auxiliary Troops of *England* and *Holland*. He broke through all the Obstacles the *French* threw in his Way, and subsisted his Army in the midst of an Enemy's Country, which he was obliged to cross, passed several large Rivers, and in thirty-four Marches join'd the Duke of *Savoy* on the 1st of *September*, within four Leagues of *Turin*. On the 7th in the Morning they march'd up to attack the Besiegers, reserving their own Fire, and receiving the Enemy's at the very Foot of their Entrenchments, where they fell upon them with such Fury, and made such a terrible Slaughter, that the *French* abandon'd all their Artillery and Ammunition, and sought their Safety in their Flight. This glorious Victory not only deliver'd the Capital, but retriev'd what the Duke had lost, and was follow'd by the Submission of the *Milanese* to King *Charles III*.

End of the FIRST PART.

THE
L I F E
AND
ADVENTURES
OF

Mrs. CHRISTIAN DAVIES.

PART II.

WE are now come to the Year 1707, in which Marshal *Villars* forced the Lines of *Stolhoffen*, on the *Upper Rhine*, got a considerable Booty, took two hundred Pieces of Cannon, and open'd himself a Passage into *Germany*. This made the Court of *Vienna* strenuously solicit the *States General* and the Electors, to send immediate Succours for the Defence of the Empire, and offer the Command of the *Imperial Army*, as Generalissimo, to the Elector of *Hanover*, the late King *George*, who accepted it, at the Solicitation of Queen *Anne* and the *States General*;

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but nothing was done on the *Upper*
Line this Campaign.

The Duke of *Marlborough* arriv'd at the *Hague* in *May*, and from thence set out for the Army encamp'd at *Lembek*. The Attention of all being turn'd on the Siege of *Toulon*, where the Allies miscarried, nothing of Importance was done this Campaign in the *Low Countries*: Let us therefore turn our Eyes upon *Spain*, where the Allies having rais'd the Siege of *Barcelona*, penetrated as far as *Madrid*, which King *Philip* abandon'd and went to head the Succours sent him by *France*. These were so considerable, that being join'd with the Troops that had been compell'd to raise the Siege of *Barcelona*, his Army was much stronger than that of the Allies; wherefore they thought proper to quit this Capital in their Turn. King *Charles* join'd the Army on the 8th of *August*, with two Regiments of Horse and three Battalions; but having let slip the Opportunity, the best they could now do, was to march to the Frontiers of *Valencia* and *Murcia*, and so distribute the Winter Quarters as to be able to cover those two Kingdoms, with *Arragon* and *Catalonia*. King *Charles* with a few Troops withdrew to *Barcelona*, and on his Retreat the *French* took in a great Number of Towns, Castles, and Forts. In the Spring it was resolv'd to assemble all the Troops in one Body, and by the Way of *Arragon* to penetrate into *Castile*. The whole Army took the Field on the 6th of *April*, to put the Project in Execution. The Number of the Allies was fifty-three Squadrons and forty-two Battalions, which
having

having destroy'd several of the Enemy's Magazines, they besieged the Castle of *Villena*; but before any Breach made, the Enemy, having near *Almanza* form'd a Body of seventy-six Squadrons and fifty-four Battalions, were preparing to march and join seven or eight thousand *French* under the Command of the Duke of *Orleans*. As the Allies did not imagine the Enemy so strong, it was resolved in a Council of War to attack them before their proposed Junction. The *English* and *Dutch* who began the Fight, notwithstanding they behaved with as much Bravery as Men could do, were twice repulsed, and the Enemy obtain'd a compleat Victory: About three thousand were taken Prisoners, and the better Part of the Foot was cut to pieces. The Havock made of the Allies had been much greater, and possibly no Quarters had been given, if the Duke of *Berwick* had not interposed.

After this signal Victory the Conquerors found no Difficulty to make themselves Masters of almost all the Kingdom of *Valencia*; and dividing their Army into three Corps, that under the Duke of *Orleans* took in *Calatajud*, and appear'd before *Saragossa*. The Garrison withdrew the Night before into *Catalonia*, so that the Town came to the best Terms they could with the Duke, who put into it two thousand Men. The Chevalier *d'Asfeldt*, who commanded the second Corps, after having taken *Xativa* Sword in Hand, march'd to besiege *Alicant*. In the Interim the Earl of *Gakway*, having drawn out the Garrisons of several Places, had taken Post behind the *Segre*; but the Duke

of *Berwick*, with a third Body, having join'd the Duke of *Orleans*, it was resolv'd to dislodge the *English* General, to cross the *Eber*, and to penetrate into *Catalonia*. The Cannon being arriv'd, they placed it on the Bank of the *Cinca*, and made so strong a Fire upon four Squadrons posted on the other Side, that they were oblig'd to retire: After which the Enemy cross'd the River, and laid Siege to *Lerida*. The Place was garrison'd by 3000 *English*, the Fortifications in good Repair, and the Gardens, Trees, and Houses in the Neighbourhood all destroy'd. The violent Heats being over, the Duke of *Orleans* sent his Foot before, and follow'd them with the Horse in a few Days. Notwithstanding the Besieged made a gallant Defence, the Assailants push'd forward their Works; and having made a Breach large enough to attack the cover'd Way, they made a Lodgment there, after an obstinate and bloody Dispute. This oblig'd the Garrison to retire to the Castle; but the Duke of *Orleans* having carried the Outworks Sword in Hand the first of *November*, made several Mines, and batter'd the main Body of the Place. The Garrison being thus streighten'd, capitulated on the 10th, was allow'd all military Honours, and a free Pardon was granted to the Inhabitants.

Ciudad-Rodrigo in the Kingdom of *Leon* was taken on Capitulation. The Winter drawing on, nothing more was done in *Catalonia* this Campaign. In *Flanders*, the *French* and Allies were in a manner inactive; though the former were secretly employ'd at home in preparing for the Execution of a Project, which, had it succeeded,

ceeded, would have quite disconcerted the latter, and have made *Lewis XIV.* triumph over all his Enemies: But the *Dutch* discover'd his Preparations, and gave notice to the Queen of *England*, that a Design was form'd of making a Descent in some Part of her Dominions in favour of the *Pretender*. The Event proved the Truth of the Intelligence; for the *French* actually embark'd twelve Battalions on board a sufficient Number of Ships, with some thousands of spare Arms, and four Millions of *Livres*. On the 5th of *March*, 1708, the King went to *St. Germain's* to take his Leave of the *Pretender*, and made him a Present of a Sword set with Diamonds worth 50,000 *Livres*, desiring him to remember that it was a *French* Sword. Having made a suitable Compliment to the King, and taken Leave of the *Dauphin* and the other Princes of the Blood, he set sail from *Dunkirk* for *Scotland*, in hopes of being join'd there by such Malecontents as were averse to the Union, and by their Assistance, and the Troops that follow'd, to reduce the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*.

The *English* and *States General* soon got ready a Fleet of forty Men of War under the Command of the late Lord *Torrington*, who follow'd the *French*, having Advice of their Departure and Course. In the mean while some *English* Troops, drawn out of the Garrisons of *Flanders*, were sent to *England* by the Way of *Ostend*. The *Pretender* came to an Anchor near *Edinburgh*, and fir'd the Number of Cannon agreed upon, hoping the Signal would raise some thousands of Malecontents to support his

Pretensions. Preparations were making to disembark his Troops; but the *English* appearing in Sight, suspended their landing. A Council however was held, in which it was resolved to send three Ships close to the Town, to land their Troops in case they perceiv'd any Commotion in their favour; but these finding none moved, except to oppose them in the Attempt, they were oblig'd to drop the Enterprize, and make the best of their way to the Coast of *France*. This unsuccessful Project only serv'd to irritate the Allies, and brought them to a Resolution of acting with more Vigour than they had yet done. To this End the Duke of *Marlborough* set out for *Brabant* to draw the Army together. The *French* also on their side assembled their Forces. After many Motions, both Armies entrenched themselves, as if they design'd to try which would be first weary of staying; but on a sudden, when none expected it, the *French* sent away sixteen thousand Men, who march'd to *Alost*, and broke all the Bridges behind them. The Body of their Army arriving at *Halle*, Orders were sent to the above Detachment to march with all speed to *Ghent*, each Horseman with a Foot-Soldier behind him. They arriv'd as the Gates were opening, and having forced the Guard of Burghers, made themselves Masters of the Town; upon which the Garrison immediately capitulated. At the same time the Count *de la Motte*, marching with a Body of thirteen thousand Men to *Bruges*, found the Town unprovided with Troops, and seized upon it; after which he carried Fort *Plasfandal* Sword in Hand.

At

The LIFE of Mrs. DAVIES. 85

At the first Intelligence of the March of the *French*, the Allies pursued them with all possible Expedition, but could not prevent their continuing their March: Wherefore, on Advice of the Loss of the above-mention'd Places, they march'd with all speed towards *Oudenarde* to meet with the Enemy, and force them to a Battle. To this End M. *Rantzau* and General *Cadogan* were detached to secure the Pass of *Lessines*, while the Army bent its March the same way. These Officers discover'd the *French* Army entrench'd below *Oudenarde*, on a Ground encumber'd with Hedges and Bushes. They immediately gave notice of it to the grand Army, and had Orders sent back to attack them without losing a Minute's Time. They accordingly charged them at the Village, whence they drove them with great Slaughter. The rest of the Army having pass'd the *Scheld*, form'd themselves as they advanced, and began the Fight with a great deal of Resolution; but the Foot only engaged, the Ground not being proper for the Horse. The *French* behaved very gallantly, and disputed every Inch of Ground, till being taken in the Rear they began to lose Courage, and quitted the Field, where they left a great Number of their Dead, and taking advantage of the Night, shelter'd themselves under the Cannon of *Ghent*. The Allies soon after moved to *Courtray*; where Colonel *Cholmondeley*'s Men were drawn up to be review'd by their Officers, while Mrs. *Davies* was going into the Town to purchase Provisions for her Tent. The Colonel waited for her coming out, that he might divert himself

by teasing her. Mrs. *Davies* carried her Provisions on a Mare, and the Colonel turn'd loose a small Stone-horse that he had; who began to be very rude with the poor Beast, and in his rough Courtship broke four Bottles of Wine. Some time after this, as she was upon her Mare, in a Dress convenient for her Vocation, Mr. *Montgomery*, Captain of the Grenadiers in Lord *Orkney's* Regiment, began to ridicule her Habit, and make a Jest of her Beast. She offer'd to run her against his Horse for a Pistole, and both of them to ride. Brigadier *Godfrey*, who was by, laid another Pistole on her Side. They both started at the Beat of Drum, placed to give the Signal, and kept pace together for some time; but Mrs. *Davies* finding he was going to leave her, made a furious Push at him, flung Man and Horse into the Ditch, and so won the Race. The Brigadier laugh'd heartily at the Stratagem, but the Captain was half angry; which however gave Mrs. *Davies* no Uneasiness, for she had as little Fear about her as any Man in the Army.

The Allies having receiv'd a Reinforcement of *German* Troops, possess'd themselves of the Lines the *French* had thrown up to cover *Walloon Flanders*, and made Preparations to lay Siege to *Lisle*. As soon as the heavy Cannon and a Convoy with Provision and Ammunition were arriv'd, the Town was invested. It was abundantly supplied with every thing necessary to hold out a long Siege; and Marshal *Boufflers*, who commanded in it, had with him a numerous Garrison. The Works were carried on without Intermision, while the grand Army observ'd

observ'd that of the *French*, which was daily reinforced, and at last consisted of a hundred twenty-six Battalions and two hundred and eight Squadrons. With these considerable Forces they march'd towards *Phalempin*, and having taken out of *Doway* thirty Pieces of heavy Cannon, they drew near the Allies the 5th of *September*, whom, though reinforced the Night before by a Detachment of seventy-seven Squadrons from the Army carrying on the Siege, every one expected they would attack: But the Duke of *Marlborough* soon discovering that they design'd only to retard the Siege, order'd the Tents to be pitch'd, fortified his Camp with the utmost Care, and sent back to the Siege a Part of the Troops he had receiv'd from thence. In the Interim of these Motions, the Besiegers having push'd as far as the *Glacis* of the Counterescarp, four thousand Grenadiers, beside those who were employ'd in the Works, were commanded to give the Assault, and a most furious one it was. The Enemy's Fire from their Outworks made a dismal Havock, and the Action was very bloody; but, notwithstanding the gallant Resistance of the Besieged, the Assailants at last made several Lodgments on the Cover'd Way.

Some *English* and *Dutch* Troops had entrench'd themselves in a Market-Town call'd *Entrieres*: These the Duke of *Vendosme* cannonaded, which made every one conclude he would at length come to a Battle: But he secretly decamp'd, and posted himself in such a manner, that he cut off all the Convoys the Allies might have had from the Frontier Towns,

except from *Ostend*. Eight thousand *English* were landed at this Port, with a great Quantity of Powder and Provision, and Stores of all Sorts, a great Part of which had already been received by the Besiegers. As the Remainder was still considerable, and was every Day increasing by fresh Supplies from *England*, Major General *Webb* and Count *Nassau Woudenberg* were detach'd with thirty Battalions to escort it. Mrs. *Davies's* Husband was in this Detachment, whom she follow'd; and the Duke of *Marlborough* advanced beyond *Menin*, to be at hand to sustain them. Being join'd by a second Detachment, they had Advice that Monsieur *la Motte* was marching with above twenty thousand Men to attack them. Upon this News the Detachment form'd themselves into two Lines, at the Issue of a Defile; and a Regiment was posted on each side in a neighbouring Coppice, with Orders not to fire till they could take the Enemy in Flank. Soon after this Disposition was made, the Enemy appear'd, and enter'd the Defile to attack the Escort; when being saluted with a general Discharge on either Hand, they were put into great Disorder. They form'd again however; but *Albemarle's* Regiment coming up to attack them in Front, while they were exposed to a continual Fire on the Flanks, they hasten'd out of the Defile, leaving 4000 Dead behind them, and some Pieces of Cannon. The *French* General not being able to lead on his third Attack, was obliged to retreat and suffer the Convoy to pass. The Conduct of General *Webb* greatly contributed to this Victory, which how-
ever

ever he paid dear for by the Wounds he received. After the Action, Mrs. *Davies* got a considerable Booty.

The safe Arrival of this Convoy was a Subject of great Joy to the Allies, who must have raised the Siege had it miscarried. As they began to want Powder in the Town, the *French* endeavour'd to supply them, with a good Number of Bags which their Horse carried behind them. A Detachment was made of three small Bodies of Horse, with green Boughs in their Hats, which was the Distinction of the Besiegers. The first Party succeeded in this Stratagem, and had the good Fortune to get into the Town; the second being discover'd were all blown up by the Fire taking their Powder, or made Prisoners; and the third return'd back the Way they were coming.

On the third of *October* the Besiegers attack'd the Half-Moon, and carried the Work, but lost a great many Men before they could lodge themselves. The Siege was push'd on with such Resolution, that on the 22^d the Governor capitulated, and the Town was surrender'd. Seventeen hundred *French* Horse march'd out, and the rest of the Garrison, which was six thousand Men, retir'd into the Citadel.

During this Siege, as Mrs. *Davies* was one Day a foraging, she enter'd a *Chateau* deserted by the Enemy, and found in it a Basket of Eggs, and another of Cocks and Hens, which she took and presented to some of the Officers. The next Day she return'd to the same Place, and got plenty of Corn, Hay, and Straw. On this good Fortune she ventur'd to the Place a
third

third time, in hopes of finding something yet more valuable: But during the Search she was surpriz'd by some of the *French* Army, who seiz'd her, together with her Mare and Forage. Whilst the Soldiers were quarrelling about her Cloaths, (for she was in a Man's Dress) their Officer came in, whom Mrs. Davies knew. Having ask'd her *What brought her thither, and who she was?* she answer'd, Sir, *I think you ought to know me; I am a Son of Captain Mac-laughing of Clare's Regiment.* Well now, Honey, said he, *I vawsh not after knowing you before; but give my humble Service to my Cusbin and Naamshake: But barkye now, Joy, are you Richard or John?* Fait, said she, in the Brogue, *I am Richard.* Well now, Cusbin, replied he, *what will I do for you?* But indeed, Honey, nobody shall meddle wid your Tings, Joy, but go about your Business. Being thus set at Liberty, she hasted to the Duke of *Argyle's* Quarters, and found him playing at Chess. Upon this she address'd him with some Warmth and Freedom, asking him, *What he meant by having no better Intelligence, and idling his Time at that rate, while the French were upon the point of cannonading him?* The Duke was soon convinced of the Truth of what she said, and had scarce Time to get into the Lines for Safety. Sir *Richard Temple's* and *How's* Regiments were order'd to clear the Hedges, but were cut to pieces before the Horse and Train of Artillery came up, which soon drove the *French* to the main Body of their Army. The Enemy cannonaded the Duke of *Argyle's* Quarters so soon, that there was no making a Bed for him there, and

and he was obliged to take up with one of Straw, and Colonel *Campbell* for a Chum. The Bed was of Mrs. *Davies's* making, and they slept very comfortably, whilst she took the Opportunity to steal the Duke's Wine for the poor Fellows upon Guard. In the Morning his Grace gave her a Pistole for her early Intelligence, which at Night she spent on two of his Servants.

At the Siege of the City, the same Corporal whose Eye she struck out in defence of her Pig, having received the Company's Money, instead of paying them, lost it at Play, and then desperately shot himself through the Head.

The *French* were Masters of the *Scheld* and the Canal of *Bruges*, and were strongly entrench'd on that River to prevent the Passage of the Allies, and to favour the Siege of *Brussels*, which the Duke of *Bavaria* undertook with a Body of about sixteen or seventeen thousand Men. The Garrison consisted of five thousand Men, under the Command of M. de *Pascal*, who being summon'd, refused to surrender, made the necessary Dispositions for a vigorous Defence, and by a Letter acquainted the Duke of *Marlborough* with the Danger he was in. His Grace and Prince *Eugene*, at the Head of a large Body of Troops, march'd to the *Scheld* to force a Passage spight of the Enemy's Entrenchments. This March was so secret, that the *French* had not notice of the Allies directing towards the *Scheld*, though they had receiv'd Advice of their crossing the *Lys*. The Count de *Lottum*, about Four in the Morning, arrived with the Vanguard near to *Harlebeck*.

beek River, and instantly laid two Bridges, led over his Troops, and drew up in Order of Battle. The Duke of *Marlborough*, who had found Means to pass the River at *Kirkhoven*, attack'd and put to flight at *Berchem* a Body of Troops commanded by M. *Souternon*. The other *French* Troops, posted near *Oudenarde*, under the Command of M. *Hautefort*, soon follow'd the Example of their Companions. Thus were these Entrenchments render'd uselefs, and the Allies had a free Passage to march to the Relief of *Brussels*; to which we now return.

The Trenches were open'd before that Place on the 13th of *November*; and on the 15th the Duke of *Bavaria* began to batter it with great Fury. At Ten o'Clock, at Night five or six thousand Men attack'd the cover'd Way. The Troops who defended it, resolutely stood the Assault, which was repeated no less than nine times; and the Fight having lasted till Six in the Morning, they left the cover'd Way, and falling in with the Besiegers, retook all the Posts they had lost, and made a prodigious Slaughter of the Enemy. It was reported as a Certainty, that the Besiegers lost in this Action two thousand five hundred Men, and the Besieged eight hundred. The next Day the Elector did nothing farther than batter the Town; but all the Spies agreed in their Account of his being resolved to give a general Assault the Night following, and to cannonade the Place with red-hot Balls. Necessary Dispositions were immediately made to repel the Enemy, and to prevent the threaten'd Conflagration. About Eleven at Night, when every one expected the Signal

Signal for the Assault, News was brought that the whole Camp of the Enemy was in Motion; and soon after this, having had Advice of the passing the *Scheld* by the Allies, they decamp'd with the greatest Precipitation, and retreated to *Namur*.

After this the Allies divided their Forces into several Corps, that they might more easily subsist, secure a Passage over the River, and cut off all the Succours that the Enemy might endeavour to throw into the Citadel of *Lisle*, against which the Trenches were opened on the 18th of *October*; and as the Besiegers wanted Powder, the Works were carried on by sapping. After they had taken several Posts, and carried the second Counterscarp, Prince *Eugene* arriv'd. He commanded the Sap to be continued, without firing a single Gun to make a Breach; and on the 8th of *December* the Governor beat the Chamade.

The Capitulation being sign'd the next Day, Prince *Eugene* and the Prince of *Orange* made a Visit to Marshal *Boufflers* in the Citadel, where they were receiv'd with a Salute from the *French* Cannon, and the Marshal kept them company when they return'd. Next Day the Garrison march'd out, following their Baggage, and the Marshal was in the Rear. All the Officers saluted him with their Half-Pikes, which Salutes he return'd with his Hat.

The Duke of *Marlborough*, after the Siege of *Brussels* was rais'd, encamp'd at *Alost*. During this Encampment, Mrs. *Davies* observ'd an Officer, whom by his laced Cloaths she conjectur'd to be one of the Guards, strolling back-wards

wards and forwards in the Intervals of the Camp. She fancied he had a mind to steal some of their Horses, for which Reason she watch'd him narrowly, and at length saw him lead off a Mare belonging to a poor Woman into a Ditch, and with her commit a most detestable Sin. Col. *Irwin* and another Officer, happening at that Instant to pass by, caught him in the Fact, seized and gave him into the Custody of the Provost, where he remain'd till the Duke, who had left the Army, return'd; when he was tried, condemn'd to the Gallows, and executed accordingly. As some of our Readers may not know the Provost's Office, it will not be amiss to tell them that he attends the Camp, and all Offenders are put under his Care, for which Reason he commands a strong Guard, which goes every where with him. On a March, the lesser Criminals are hand-cuff'd in the middle of a Guard; but notorious ones are chain'd Hand and Foot, and put into the Bread-Waggons. The Mare which this Officer was enamour'd with was shot; but the Duke first paid the full Value to the poor Woman who own'd her.

Notwithstanding the confederate Army was extremely fatigued by making a great Number of Motions, and the Winter was already begun, the Duke could not think of leaving *Ghent* and *Bruges* in the Possession of the *French*. In order to lay Siege to the former, the grand Army, under the Command of the Duke of *Marlborough*, decamp'd from *Bellem* on the last of *November*, and march'd to *Marlebeck* and *Malle*, situated on the lower *Scheld*. On the other hand,
Prince

Prince Eugene, having five Days after passed that River, encamp'd at *Ename*, and *Ghent* was the next Day invested by the Counts *de Lottum* and *de Tilly*. The Duke of *Marlborough* took up his Quarters at *Marlebeck*, that he might be nearer to three Attacks, one of which was on the Side of the Citadel, another between the *Imperial* Gate and that of *Brussels*, and the third between the Gates of *St. Peter* and *Courtray*. While every thing was preparing for opening the Trenches, a Detachment was sent to attack the *Red-house* on the Canal of *Sas van Ghent*, where the *French* had left a Garrison of two hundred Men. These Forces immediately raised their Batteries, and made so furious a Fire, that the Garrison were compell'd to yield themselves Prisoners of War. In the mean while the Allies push'd on their Works before *Ghent*, and had a Number of Batteries of Bombs and great Guns ready, sufficient to reduce the Town to a Heap of Rubbish; but the Garrison thought proper to capitulate, and were allow'd to go out with all military Honours.

As the Garrison had flatter'd themselves with being succour'd, it was stipulated in the Capitulation, that it should be void, if in a limited Time the *French* should bring an Army to raise the Siege. Indeed, Marshal *Boufflers* set out from *Paris* for this purpose; but having Advice by the Way that the Town had capitulated, he turn'd back again.

In this Siege Mrs. *Davies*'s Husband was one of the forlorn Hope, a Body of Men under the Command of a Lieutenant, order'd to lay the Ropes, and direct the cutting of the Trenches.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Davies*, as usual, accompanied him in this dangerous Service; but being stopp'd by Colonel *Hamilton*, who would have persuaded her not to run such Hazards, she lost sight of her Husband; for having laid the Ropes, he and his Companions were retired into a Turnip-Field, and lay flat on their Bellies till the Workmen had thrown up a Trench to cover them. After seeking him some time, Major *Irwin* told her where he was; and both the Major and Lieutenant *Stretton* begg'd hard of her for some Beer, which she refused them; for having but three Flasks, and fearing her Husband might want, she had no Pity for any one else. As the Night was very cold, and the Ground wet, she had also provided herself with a Bottle of Brandy and another of Gin, for her dear *Richard's* Refreshment. Leaving these Officers, she met a Lieutenant known by the Nick-name of *A---e and Pockets*. A Musquet-shot had graz'd on and scratch'd his Forehead, which his Fright magnified to a Cannon-Ball. In his Panick he lost his Hat and Wig; but they being found and restor'd to him, and he at length assur'd his Wound was no way dangerous, recover'd his small Share of Spirits, but never his Reputation; for he was soon after broke as a Coward. Mrs. *Davies* now proceeded to the Turnip-Field, where she found her Husband in the Front Rank, to whom her Liquors were very comfortable. The next Morning, as she was standing by Colonel *Goffedge*, he receiv'd a Shot through the Body; upon which she gave him some Beer and a Dram, and carried him, though it was very dangerous, to Col. *Folke's* Quarters;

Quarters; for which Piece of Service the Gentleman was extremely thankful, and promised, if he recover'd, to reward her handsomely; but he died in three Days. The next Day a Drum of their Regiment went into a very dangerous Place to ease Nature, notwithstanding he was caution'd against it; and as he was buttoning up his Breeches, both his Arms were taken off by a Cannon-Ball. The Place where he rashly expos'd himself was so very dangerous, that not a Man would venture to go to his Assistance. Mrs. *Davies* therefore ran and carried him off to a Surgeon, under whose Care he was in a fair way of doing well, but a Cold he got kill'd him.

A Mile from the Town, and out of reach of any Shot from thence, as she apprehended, Mrs. *Davies* pitch'd her Tent, and took possession of a neighbouring Garden; from whence she had so stor'd her Tent with Potatoes, Turnips, &c. that she had left but just Room sufficient to sit down close by the Door. One Day a Drake-shot went through the Tent into the Garden, where it kill'd an Officer's Horse that was grazing there. Mrs. *Davies* happen'd to be out a foraging, or she must inevitably have lost her Life, as she always sat directly fronting the Door of the Tent. This obliged her to remove her Tent farther off, that she might be out of Danger.

When the two Gates were given up, before the signing of the Capitulation, Mrs. *Davies* got Leave to go into the Town, where she sold her Garden-Stuff, of which there was then a Scarcity, for fifty Shillings. The Garrison,

to the number of fourteen thousand, march'd out with military Honours the 22d of *December*. The next Day the Duke of *Marlborough* enter'd the Town, and was complimented at the Gate by the Magistracy, who presented him the Keys in a Gold Bason. The Burghers, who had received the *French* with open Arms, changed Sides with their Fortune, and made publick Rejoicings for their Departure. These Rejoicings were redoubled, on Advice that the *French* had abandon'd *Bruges*, and all the neighbouring Posts. When the Garrison of this Town heard that *Ghent* had capitulated, and were summon'd by a Trumpet in the Duke of *Marlborough's* Name, they left the Place in the Night, and withdrew to the Side of *Dixmude* and *Newport*. At the same time the *French* abandon'd Fort *Plassendal*, the Village of *Lef-finghen* where they were entrench'd, and all the Posts they had in those Quarters. No sooner had the Enemy quitted *Bruges*, but the Magistrates sent Deputies to the Duke of *Marlborough* to make their Submission to King *Charles*, and receiv'd a Garrison of two thousand Men. Thus ended this glorious Campaign, and the Army was order'd into Winter-Quarters. Our Heroine's Regiment lay at *Ghent*, where she maintain'd herself handsomely by cooking for and selling Beer to the Soldiers.

Her Husband having, by her Interest, obtain'd Leave to go out of Town, they went together to take a View of the Country, and met a poor Woman who wept bitterly. Mrs. *Davies* enquiring the Reason of her Tears, she told her that she had three small Children at home,

home, and no way of providing for them, but by running Geneva into the Town; that the Excise-Officers had lately seiz'd a Parcel which had almost ruin'd her; and that now she was afraid of another Discovery, which would entirely undo her. In the *Low Countries* no Duty is paid for what is not brought into a fortified Town, but whatever comes within the Gates must pay a Duty to the Officers station'd there to receive it. They endeavour'd to comfort the poor Woman, and offer'd her their Assistance in running the Geneva; which she thankfully accepted. She had eleven Bladders, ten of which they fill'd with Geneva, and the eleventh with Nastiness, which is kept in Pits there as the best Manure for Flax. Mrs. Davies having given three of the Bladders to her Husband, and two to the Woman, took the other five, and that fill'd with Excrement, into her own Custody; which last she carried in her Left Hand, visibly enough, though seemingly endeavouring to conceal it; having order'd them to make a Push for the Town, while she was disputing it with the Officers. She manag'd the Affair so well, that having by a feign'd Retreat enticed the Officers from the Gate till her Comrades were got pretty near to it, she then suffer'd them to come up to her, when they laid hold of the Bladder, and demanded the Geneva. Mrs. Davies pleaded her Poverty, large Family, and sick Children; but finding they were inexorable and resolved to plunder her, she took her Scissars and cut the Bladder, saying, *Since you must have it, e'en take it*, and flung the Contents in the Face of

him who seiz'd it. On this another Officer was coming up to revenge the Affront; but upon Sight of a second Bladder, with the Scissars, he thought fit to retreat, leaving Mrs. *Davies* a free Passage into the Town. This gave the greatest Satisfaction to the poor Woman, and the Relation of the odd Adventure occasion'd a great deal of Laughter. Animated by this Success, they made frequent Attempts of the like Nature, and pass'd with their Cargoes unmolested; till a new Officer, unacquainted with their Treatment of the former, endeavour'd to make a Seizure; but he soon repented his Temerity, having met with the same nasty Reception.

Another Stratagem they made use of to deceive the Officers of the Customs was this: Mrs. *Davies* had a large Spaniel, which she had brought up from a Puppy; he was of the Water Breed, and had such a rough Coat, that every Half-Year it fetch'd her three Shillings from a Hatter. This Dog, which had been taught to fetch and carry, they used to go out with, furnish'd with oily Cakes, to the Town-Ditch, and there lie conceal'd in the Weeds, Mrs. *Davies* and the Dog on one Side, and her Husband on the other, till the Smugglers came with Horse-loads of Brandy, &c. in small Caggs: Two or three of these they tied together with a Rope, and giving the Dog the End in his Mouth, he would, on his Master's Call, swim over to him, and being rewarded with a Cake, would return at his Mistress's Call, with the empty Rope. This Method was repeated till all was got over; when retiring till Morning,

ing, they enter'd the Gate publickly. The Smugglers paid them three Crowns a Night for their Dog and Attendance.

At this Place *Mrs. Davies* was with Child, and long'd for Eels, which one *Hugh Jones* ventur'd his Life to procure for her, by going out of the Town without Leave, and robbing the Wicker-Baskets in the Moat. This Man was afterwards her second Husband, and indeed, during the Life of her first, took all Opportunities to gain her Affections, and convince her of his own; and it was to his Affiduity and Tendernefs, that, next to God, she owed the Preservation of her Life, when she was ill and not able to help herself; during which Time he also took care of her Mare.

Mrs. Davies was a prodigious Lover of Eels even when not with Child, and took all Opportunities to procure them wherever she went; but her Love of this Diet was some Years after turn'd to an Aversion by the following Accident. One Day waiting for some Friends at *Westminster-Ferry* to cross over to *Lambeth*, a Fisherman had dragg'd ashore in his Net the dead Body of a Black-moor who had been accidentally drown'd. She had the Curiosity to observe what was doing, though she was oblig'd to stop her Nose from the Putrefaction of the Corpse; and saw a large Quantity of Eels issuing out of the rotten Carcass, and the Fisherman very diligent in putting them into his Well-Boat in order for Sale. This had such an Effect upon her, that she could never after endure the Sight, much less the Taste, of these foul Feeders. Some time after, as she was re-

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lating this Story to a Gentleman of her Acquaintance, he confirm'd her Averfion, by telling her, that through the Perfuaſion of a Friend he had nail'd a large Eel to the Floor by the Tail; and after twiſting and winding ſome time, a Froth has work'd out of its Mouth, in which having dipp'd a Piece of Bread, he gave it to a mangey Dog paſt Cure. The Animal in a few Minutes apparently loſt its Strength, fell down, ſwelling to a monſtrous Degree, and in leſs than an Hour expir'd in the utmoſt Agonies. We leave our Readers to give what Credit they think fit to this Experiment, and return to the Hiſtory of our Heroine.

There happen'd to be at this time in Garriſon at *Ghent* a pretty young Fellow, a Volun- tier, the younger Son of a Gentleman of good Fortune, who gave him ſo handſome an Allowance, that he maintain'd a Servant and two Horſes, dress'd as well as any Officer, and kept the beſt Company. He never ſhunn'd but rather courted Danger, in the miſt of which he always ſhew'd a great Compoſure of Mind. This Gentleman reſented the Freedom Mrs. *Davies* took with ſome Officers where he was in Company, and ſaid ſhe was *impertinent*. Nettled at this Affront, ſhe call'd him a *Petit Maître*, telling him, if it was not for the Diſgrace of ſetting her Wit againſt Boys, ſhe would teach him better Manners, by giving him the Correction his ill Breeding deſerv'd. He answer'd with a *Piſh* only, and turning his Back, ſaid to a Captain, *You ſee the Fruits of making mean People familiar; you indeed ought to bear it, becauſe you have encouraged her taking ſuch Liberties,*

Liberties, but 'tis hard upon me who have always avoided her. You will do well, replied Mrs. Davies, *to be careful in avoiding me for the future,* and went home in a Passion, dress'd herself in a very handsome Sute of Cloaths of her Husband's, put on a Silver-hilted Sword, and went to a young Woman's House whom the Cadet visited. Having found her at home, and being introduced into a private Room, the Lady ask'd her Business. *Madam,* said Mrs. Davies, *to be short with you, I have often seen, and as often admired you: I am now come to tell you the Passion you have inspired, which I can no longer conceal. I know you have some Engagements with a young English Cadet, which have hurt your Reputation; but to give you the most convincing Proof of my Fondness, if you will promise to cast him off, and never see him more, I will not only marry you, but maintain you as the Wife of an English Gentleman of Fortune, as you will find me to be; and promise on my Honour never to reproach you with your former Life.* Sir, said the young Lady, *you are very free with my Character.* *Madam,* replied our Suitor, *not more so than the World; for I learnt it from common Fame. Which,* answer'd the Damsel, *you will allow to be a common Lyar: However, Sir, you talk so much like a Man of Honour, that I can forgive the Liberty you have taken, and desire a little Time to consider on what you have propos'd. I will give you to consider,* continued Mrs. Davies, *till to-morrow Morning Ten o'Clock, which is not less, by my Computation, than a Month's Delay; and rising up saluted her and withdrew. Mrs. Davies was punctual to the Hour appointed,*

found the young Lady disposed to her Wishes, staid with her three Hours, promised her Mountains, a Life of uninterrupted Pleasure, and an unalterable Constancy of Affection. During this Visit, Mrs. *Davies* had the Satisfaction to hear the young Lady's Servant tell the Cadet, who came to see his Mistress, that she was not at home, and desir'd he would save himself the fruitless Trouble of visiting her for the future. *Well*, said he, *I suppose she has some new Favourite, I shall find him out*; and so flung away in a Rage, which gave his Rival the most sensible Pleasure. Soon after this Mrs. *Davies* took her Leave, and was going home to change her Dress, when the Cadet, who watch'd his Mistress's Door, hastened after her, asking what Business she had in that House she came out of. *Sir*, said Mrs. *Davies*, *by what Authority do you ask me?* *Here*, said he, *is my Commission to examine you*, laying his Hand on his Sword; and she doing the like, replied, *Here is my Reason for not answering you*. They both drew, the Moment Mrs. *Davies's* Husband happen'd to pass by, who knowing her, also drew and got between them, saying, *My dear Kitty, what's the Meaning of this?* These Words undeceiv'd the Cadet, who immediately put up his Sword, and taking his supposed Rival by the Hand, begg'd Pardon for the Affront he had given her, and desir'd she would endeavour to reconcile his Mistress to him again; which accordingly was effected, the Cadet treated them with a handsome Dinner and a hearty Bottle, and they all lived in good Harmony together during the Gentleman's Stay in the *Low Countries*,
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which was but ten Days longer; for his elder Brother dying by a Hurt he received from a Fall in Hunting, his Father sent for him over, and he carried his Lady with him to *England*.

One Day being in Brigadier *Lallo's* Quarters, the Lord *Al----le*, Father to the present Noble Lord, would needs have a Trial of Strength with *Mrs. Davies*, which she would have avoided, by telling his Lordship she would send him the prettiest Girl in the Camp to give him a Fall: But he regarded her not, so to struggling they went. After much bustling on both Sides, for his Lordship was strong and active, she took an Opportunity of throwing him across the Brigadier's Bed, disengaged herself, and ran away out of the Quarters.

A very great Frost immediately followed the taking of *Ghent*, insomuch that two Centinels were found frozen to Death. The Frost continued, and was so terribly severe, that a number of People, Fruit-Trees, and sown Seed perish'd by the Cold. This hard Winter occasion'd a very great Scarcity, and excessively raised the Price of all manner of Provisions, especially in *France*, where almost all the Vines were Frost-nipp'd to the very Roots; so that of many Years before, that Kingdom had not been in so deplorable a Situation. The Treasury was exhausted by the Expence of the War: Trade was interrupted by the Number of Ships the two Maritime Powers kept constantly cruizing in all Parts of the Seas to prevent the Importation of Goods: The Farmer was not only incapable of paying his Rent, but even of supplying the Towns with necessary Provisions:
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In a word, they were in the utmost Desolation. To the Cries of the miserable harraß'd People were join'd publick Acts of Devotion to appease the Anger of Heaven, to deprecate their then present Miseries, and to obtain a speedy Peace. The King gave his People to understand that he was sensibly touch'd with their Sufferings, and declared that he was inclin'd to give them Peace, whatever it cost him. In effect he sent Messieurs *Voisin* and *Rouille* to *Holland*, in appearance upon the Affair of the Fishery, but in reality to set on foot a Negotiation with the Allies. The Secret was kept so closely all the time the Conferences were held at the *Hague*, that no one had any certain Knowledge of what was upon the Carpet; but People's Hopes were very much rais'd, when they saw the Duke of *Marlborough*, who had been at all the Conferences, set out for *England*, and soon return again accompanied by Lord *Townshend*, whom the Queen had honour'd with the Character of Envoy Extraordinary to treat on a Peace. The *French* King sent Messieurs *Torcy* and *Pajot* to hasten its Conclusion. Notwithstanding the Protest made by King *Philip*, that he would never renounce the Crown of *Spain*, but was resolv'd, on the contrary, to maintain his Right to it by the Sword to the last Drop of his Blood, the Conferences were carried on more briskly than ever, and sometimes protracted to Midnight. On the 28th of *May*, N. S. Articles were prepar'd and sign'd by the Plenipotentiaries of the Allies. Beside a great Number of Towns which *France* gave up by these Articles, *Charles* was declared in them

them lawful King of all the *Spanish* Monarchy; and it was agreed, that if *Philip* and his Family should not quit that Kingdom by the first of *September*, the King of *France* should join his Arms to those of the Allies to compel him by Force. This last Condition, of assisting in dethroning his Grandson, was what *Lewis XIV.* could never consent to, and for that reason rejected the Articles: So that all Hopes of a Pacification vanish'd, the *French* Ministers set out for *Paris*, and the Duke of *Marlborough* the same Day for the Army.

The Negotiations for Peace had not suspended the necessary Preparations for continuing the War. The Duke finding the *French* very strongly entrench'd near *Arras*, in a Camp cover'd with Woods and Marshes, which render'd it impracticable to approach them, he turn'd back upon *Tournay*, and invested the Place on the 27th of *June*. While Preparations were making to open the Trenches, the Prince of *Orange*, at the Head of thirty Squadrons and twelve Battalions, made himself Master of *St. Amand*, and at the same time another Detachment took *Fort de la Scarpe* Sword in hand. In the Interim, the Line of Circumvallation was finish'd, all Sorts of Materials necessary for the Works were got together, and the Trenches were open'd in three different Places by as many Bodies of Troops, commanded by Count *Lottum*, General *Schulembourg*, and General *Fagel*. Notwithstanding the Diligence of the Besiegers, the Siege was likely to prove a very tedious one, because the Boats in which the Artillery was embark'd could not get up the
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Scheld higher than *Oudenarde*, on account of the Shallowness of the Water, and the Banks raised by the *French* the preceding Year to turn its Course, several of which were yet standing. However, this Obstacle was obviated by cutting a new Canal, and the Artillery at length arriv'd. Assisted by the Fire of the Batteries, General *Fagel* push'd on his Works to the very Brink of the Ditch, which on the 17th he began to fill up. Count *Lottum* was on the same Day pretty near as far advanced with his; and the Night before, Baron *de Schulembourg* having carried the Horn-works Sword in Hand, made a Lodgment there, and moreover possess'd himself of a neighbouring Ravelin. Upon this, *M. de Surville*, the Governor, hung out the white Flag and capitulated.

At the Expiration of the Truce agreed on, to give the Garrison Time to retire into the Citadel, Count *Lottum* and the Baron *de Schulembourg* attack'd it in two different Places, strengthen'd by a Reinforcement sent them from the grand Army. Four Days after the opening the Trench, Mr. *de Ravignan*, sent by the *French* King, arriv'd in the Camp of the Besiegers; and having obtain'd Leave to speak to one of the Officers of the Citadel, the Governor sent the next Day a Project of Agreement to the Allies, by which he engaged to surrender on the 5th of *September*, if he was not succour'd before: All Hostilities were to cease during that Interval, and *M. de Ravignan* return'd to Court for the King's Approbation of the Agreement; but nothing being concluded on, the Fire began again, and a terrible one it was.

was. As the Citadel was every where mined round, notwithstanding all the Industry of the Allies to discover them, they play'd off no less than thirty-eight at Count-*Lottum's* Attack only, in twenty-six Days time; so that hundreds of Men were often sent into the Air at once, and either buried alive in the Fall, or, if dug out, were miserably burnt and bruised. Very often the Miners on either side met, and fought with as much Fury under Ground, as they did in the Trenches. However, the Place was so violently attack'd, that the Governor hung out the white Ensign on the 31st of *August*: But as the Besiegers insisted on his surrendring Prisoner of War, he broke off the Parley, and threaten'd to blow all up before he would surrender on such Terms. On this the Siege was carried on again, and the Governor given to understand, that if he persisted in his Design, he must expect no Quarter. On this Threat he chang'd his desperate Resolution, and accepted the Conditions offer'd him, but with a Promise that the Garrison should be exchanged as soon as possible, for a like Number of Prisoners taken by the *French*.

During the Attack of this Place, Lord *Cobham* came one Day into the Trench, and order'd the Engineer to point a Gun at a Wind-Mill between them and the Citadel, and promised a Guinea to whoever fired and brought it down. Mrs. *Davies* immediately snatched the Match out of the Man's Hand who was going to fire, clapp'd it to the Touch-hole, and down came the Wind-Mill. She was almost stunn'd, and beat backwards by the recoiling of the
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the Cannon, which afforded good Diverſion to the Officers: But as ſhe was not hurt, ſhe had the moſt Reaſon to be merry; for Lord *Cobham*, always better than his Word, gave her two Guineas inſtead of one, General *Fagel* another, and four Officers a Ducat a-piece.

Soon after Captain *Brown*, mounting the Trench, had his Leg ſo miſerably ſhatter'd by a Muſquet-shot, that the Surgeon was obliged to cut it off. His Servants and Nurſes not having the Courage to hold the Candle, our Heroine perform'd that Office, and was very intent on the Operation.

During this Siege, or indeed any other, Mrs. *Davies* never loſt an Opportunity of maroding; being furniſh'd for that End with a Grappling-Iron and a Sword. The Grapple is of uſe to ſearch Wells, into which the Peaſants frequently throw their Plate, Copper, &c. on the Approach of an Army. The Sword is deſign'd to bore the Ground, where there is Reaſon to ſuſpect the Inhabitants have buried any of their Effects. By this means Mrs. *Davies* often got good Booty; having learnt the laſt Method from ſome *Dutch* Soldiers who ſerv'd under King *William* in *Ireland*. While ſhe was one Day buſied in ſearch of Plunder, ſhe heard behind her a great Buſt like a ſudden Clap of Thunder, and turning nimbly round, ſaw the Air full of ſhatter'd Limbs of Men. This happen'd, as ſhe was inform'd at her Return, by a Spark from a Pipe of Tobacco ſetting fire to a Bomb, by which fifty Shells and twenty-four Men were blown up; but luckily the Magazine of Powder, though near the ſame Place, eſcaped.

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escaped. We have often said, that Mrs. *Davies* follow'd her Husband wherever he was order'd upon Duty; so that sometimes she went with him in the Party employ'd to search for and draw the Enemy's Mines. Their Engagements under Ground were very terrible, their Weapons being Spades and Pick-axes, and the Men sometimes half suffocated with the Smoke of Straw which the *French* fir'd to drive them out. In short, as we have observed before, abundance of Mines were sprung by the Besieged, most of which did great Execution, and one in particular blew up four hundred Men at once.

After having hastily fill'd up the Works before *Tournay*, the Prince of *Hesse-Cassel* began his March at the Head of sixteen thousand Men, to invest *Mons*, the Capital of *Hainault*, and to take possession of some Posts in its Neighbourhood. On the 4th of *September* he was follow'd by the rest of the Army; but their March being retarded by the Rains and Narrowness of the Roads, the *French* had Time enough to post their Horse in a Plain between two Woods, in which they had placed their Infantry. The Allies, at their Arrival, found the Enemy thus posted, and resolved to attack them in their Camp: But as they would undertake nothing without the Assent of the Deputies of the *States*, who were not yet come up, the *French* took the Advantage of that Time to make their Camp inaccessible, by covering it with a triple Entrenchment. Notwithstanding this new Obstacle, the Allies prepar'd for a Battle, and with all imaginable Resolution,

olution, at Eight o'Clock in the Morning, march'd up to the Entrenchments. The Left Wing, commanded by the Duke, charged with such Bravery, that they drove the *French* out of the two first Entrenchments, cutting all to pieces that opposed them; but could not force the third, which was defended by a great many Pieces of Cannon, and fell'd Trees laid athwart. However, they maintain'd their Ground a considerable Time, though expos'd to the Fire of the Enemy's Artillery, which did terrible Execution; but at last were forced to abandon the two Entrenchments they had carried. In the mean while the Foot of the Right, commanded by Prince *Eugene*, having made through the Wood into the Plains, after a most obstinate Resistance of the *French*, gave the Horse an Opportunity also to force the Entrenchment joining to the Wood. The Horse on both Sides were engaged with the greatest Fury, but the Allies at last put to flight the main Battle, and by that gave an Opportunity to their Left Wing, which had return'd to the Attack, to recover the two Entrenchments, which they could not keep before, and also to carry the third. This was follow'd by an entire Defeat of the *French* Army, which fled in the utmost Confusion. The Allies lost fourteen thousand Men, killed, wounded, or Prisoners; the *French* nineteen thousand.

The Night before this Battle, Lieutenant-General *Dedem* went off with a Detachment to throw himself into *St. Guilain*, which the Duke of *Marlborough* was assured the *French* Garrison had abandon'd: But the General in his
March

March receiving certain Advice to the contrary, drew five hundred Men from *Genappe*, and sustain'd them with two Squadrons. Colonel *Haxbuisen*, who commanded this Detachment, sent a Drum to summon the Garrison, having, as he drew near the Town, extended his Front, that he might make a greater Shew of Number. On a Refusal to surrender, he gave the Assault that very Day; and after a Quarter of an Hour's Dispute, he carried a Barricade, on which the *Chamade* was beat; but as they had not done it soon enough, they were obliged to surrender Prisoners of War.

In this Battle of the *Wood*, known by the Names of *Blaregnies*, or *Malplaquet*, the Duke of *Argyle* (now *Argyle* and *Greenwich*) had a great Share of Glory. The Duke of *Marlborough* sent Orders to the Duke of *Argyle*, to take possession of the Wood near *Malplaquet*, together with a *Dutch* Battalion. This Undertaking was so very hazardous, that it appear'd nothing better than the Forlorn Hope of an Army; and the *Dutch* Commander told the Duke, they were only sent to be a certain Sacrifice; intimating, that they ought to retreat to save themselves and Soldiers from imminent Death: But the Duke told him their Orders must be obey'd. In the first Onset the *Dutch* Officer was kill'd, which the Duke observing, turn'd to the Soldiers, and opening his Breast, shew'd them that he had nothing to oppose the Point of a Sword, or ward off a Bullet, more than the meanest of the whole Army; therefore he begg'd they would follow him: On which they penetrated the thickest Squadrons,

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clear'd the Wood, enter'd the Enemy's first Trench Sword in Hand, and came off victorious, to the Joy of the whole Army.

The Allies now invested *Mons*, into which the *French* had found means to introduce a Convoy of Ammunition, Provisions, Money, and a thousand Men. The Workmen who open'd the Trenches were terribly hinder'd by the Rains, which oblig'd them to lay Fascines at the Bottom, and to drain them by cutting a long Gut into a neighbouring River: But, notwithstanding all Obstacles, they push'd on the Approaches so briskly, that having finished their Batteries, they were ready to give the Assault to the Horn-work, when the Garrison prevented them by beating the *Chamade*. Articles of Capitulation being accordingly sign'd, the Garrison march'd out two Days afterwards; the *French* were conducted to *Maubeuge*, and the *Spaniards* and *Bavarians* to *Namur*. The Reduction of this Town terminated the Campaign in *Flanders*.

Before the investing of *Mons*, as the Army march'd towards the *French* Lines, Mrs. *Davies* chose to go with the Camp-Colour-Men, who, attended by the Forlorn Hope, march at such a distance before the Army, that they are often cut off before any Assistance can come up to them; which though it makes it the most dangerous Post, it is the most profitable, if there is any Plunder to be got, as there are but few to share it. In this March Mrs. *Davies* spied a great House at a distance, which she ran to, leaving her Mare with a sick Serjeant, who was glad of the Opportunity to ride. In this

this House she found six Couple of Fowls with their Legs tied, a Basket of Pigeons, and four Sheep; one of which she kill'd, and turn'd the other three into the Yard. By this time the Party came up, and she put the Carcase of the Sheep on her Mare before the Serjeant, hung the Fowls about her Neck, drove the three Sheep before her, and so march'd to the Place design'd for the Camp. Whilst they were fixing Boughs, and marking out Ground for every Regiment, she pitch'd her Tent near a deserted Publick House, allotted for Colonel *Hamilton's* Quarters, turn'd her Sheep to Grass, and hung up her Mutton on a Tree to cool. She then went into the Colonel's Quarters, over which, as soon as they were appointed, a Guard was set; but being blinded by a Bribe, he permitted Mrs. *Davies* and some of her Husband's Comrades to carry off from thence a large Quantity of Faggots, Hay and Straw, and a whole Barrel of Beer. Having brought these Prizes to her Tent, she cut up her Mutton, made a Fire, and was boiling Part of it when the Army came up. Colonel *Hamilton* and Major *Erwood* came to the Fire, and were not a little surprized to see so many things in Readiness, and such a Quantity of Provisions of all Sorts. Mrs. *Davies* asking them to give her handsel, they call'd for a Gallon of Beer, drank a little, gave the rest to some of the Men, and order'd a Shoulder of Mutton to be roasted, which was done accordingly. She made twenty Shillings apiece of her Sheep, besides the Fat, which she sold to a Woman who made Candles: She also made a good Penny of her Fowls and Pigeons.

A Body of Troopers, and some *Hussars*, being order'd out to reconnoitre in the Woods at *Taisnières*, before the Enemy entrench'd themselves, and to cover the Foragers, with strict Charge to return at the firing of a Cannon, Mrs. *Davies* made one of the Number, taking her Mare along with her, and leaving another Horse, which she had bought of a *Hussar*, in an Orchard; where she also dug a Hole, and buried her Money. When they were at some Distance from the Camp, our Heroine, regardless of Danger, push'd forward to a large House, which she enter'd, and found a Bed ready made, two or three Tubs of Flour, an Oven full of hot Bread, a considerable Quantity of Bacon and Beef hanging in the Chimney, a Basket full of Cocks and Hens, with two Pots of Butter. She emptied the Feathers out of the Tick to cover her Mare with, lest the hot Bread should burn her Back; then threw the Feathers out of the Bolster, into one End of which she put the Bread, and into the other the Beef and Bacon, slung the Pots of Butter on each side the Mare, took the Fowls in her Hand, and mounted. Scarce had she done this, when the Signal Gun was fir'd, to give notice that the whole Body of the Enemy were coming upon them. This gave a terrible Alarm to the Foragers, who in the Fright not only left their Hay and Corn, but even some of their Horses behind them; whilst Mrs. *Davies* not only carried off her own Booty, but even staid to take up a Truss of Hay that had been dropt, and at last got safe to the Place where the Army lay. She was somewhat surprized to find all

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in Motion, but however staid to kill her Fowls, and fetch her Horse and the Money she had buried; then struck her Tent, with which and other Things she loaded him and follow'd the Army. Her Husband being in the Rear, she had an Opportunity of conversing with him: He was extremely melancholy, telling her this Engagement would certainly be the last he should ever see: She endeavour'd to laugh him out of this Notion, but he insisted upon it that he should be kill'd, which prov'd but too true. In their March so heavy a Rain fell, that they were Ankle-deep; and Mrs. *Davies* seeing a little Child of one of her Husband's Comrades, was so compassionate as to take it up and carry it, lest it should be lost in the deep Clay. At Night, when in Sight of the Enemy, the Army halted, and lay that Night on some fallow Ground, on which were many Heaps of Dung, and happy was he who could get one to sleep upon. Mrs. *Davies* left the Army, and went to a great House in the Rear to dress her Provisions, led her Horses into the House, and, with the Assistance of a Butcher and Lord *Orkney's* French Baker, unloaded them. Having made a great Wood Fire, dried herself, and laid the Child on some Straw before it, she went in search of Forage for her Beasts; which having found, she fed and litter'd them, lock'd them up in a handsome Parlour, and then set about dressing some Victuals. Going to the Well for Water, and letting down the Bucket, it struck against something which sounded like a Brass-Kettle. Upon letting down her Grapple, she accordingly brought up a Kettle, and

the next Throw fetch'd out a Brass Pail, in which was a Silver Quart Mugg in a Fish-skin Case. Having taken what Water she wanted, and set it over the Fire, she pluck'd her Fowls, and put them into the Pot with some Hung-Beef and Bacon; then went into the Garden to cut some Sprouts, wash'd and put them in; and having left the Care of the Cooking to the Butcher and the Baker, search'd the House for Plunder. Having found nothing in several Rooms but what was too cumbersome to carry off, she visited the Cellar, and there found a Barrel of excellent strong Beer; and soon after stumbling against an inner Cellar Door, she found two Quart Bottles of Vinegar, and two of Brandy. With these Liquors she fill'd her Flasks and other Vessels, and placed all the Booty in the Parlour with her Beasts. Having regal'd her two Assistants, who were not a little thankful, (for Provisions were then so scarce in the Army, that a Guinea and a half was offer'd for an Ounce of Bread, and there was no Probability of getting any Supply till the Battle was over) she put her Provisions and a Quantity of Beer on her Mare, and return'd in search of her Husband. She took the Child along with her, and left her with her Father, having first fill'd her Belly, and given her her Apron full of Victuals. There was so great a Fog, that Mrs. *Davies* was a considerable time in looking for her Husband, whom at length she found fast asleep, with his Head on his Comrade's Backside. She awaken'd him, and bid him ask what Officers and Soldiers he thought fit to eat with him, especially such as
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he was obliged to. She set the Bread, Butter, and Beef before his Comrades, who made a hearty Meal, though they had no Table-cloth, Knives, &c. reserving the Bacon, Fowls and Sprouts for her Husband and the invited Officers, who were Colonel and Captain *Hamilton*, Colonel *Irwin*, Capt. *Ross*, Major *MacLane*, and Colonel *Folkes*. When all these Guests were satisfied, she gave two Fowls, some Bacon and Beef to her Husband and his Serjeant, and the Remainder to some young Recruits, who, not inur'd to Hardships, were ready to perish with Hunger. Having reserv'd some Pullets with Eggs for the General Officers, she sought out Lord *Orkney*; and finding him in Company with the Generals, *Lumley*, *Webb*, *Withers*, and Lord *North* and *Grey*, she set before them her Fowls, Bacon, Sprouts, and Hung-Beef. This was a very agreeable Surprize to them all, who did not imagine there had been so much Victuals in the whole Army of the Allies. They tore the Meat with their Fingers, and eat very heartily; and wanting Water to mix with their Wine, Mrs. *Davies* went to the Well, within Musket-shot of the Enemy, and fetch'd them some, which several of the Soldiers had refused to do. After this Repast, one of the Company proposed a Motion of the Army, not only without the Duke of *Marlborough's* Order, but contrary to his express Command, which was to keep themselves in readiness to march upon the Word given. Lord *Orkney* said, *they ought to wait till his Grace's Orders came; for he durst say, he knew better than any in the Company when to give them.* On this another, whose Name

we purposely conceal, said, that *his Grace* was gone into the Wood, in close Conference with his Nephew the Duke of Berwick, and wish'd it was not to sell the Army of the Allies. Lord Orkney answer'd with some Warmth, that it was ungenerous as unjust to harbour a Thought so injurious to the Duke's Honour, and so contrary to his Nature; that he was incapable of any thing which could cast a Blemish on his exalted Character, than which no Man breathing could with Justice boast a greater. The Duke of Argyle join'd the Company, and soon after went open-breasted among the Soldiers to encourage them to behave as became *Englishmen*: "You see, Brothers, said he, I have no conceal'd Armour, I am equally expos'd with you, and I require none to go where I shall refuse to venture. Remember you fight for the Liberties of all *Europe* and the Glory of your Nation, which shall never suffer by my Behaviour, and I hope the Character of a *Briton* is as dear to every one of you." To do him Justice, he always fought where the Danger was greatest, and encouraged the Soldiers more by his Actions than by his Words. The Duke of *Marlborough* had indeed a Conference with the Duke of *Berwick*, which gave him an Opportunity to view the Enemy's Batteries, which was of signal Service to the Allies; for they rais'd a Battery which soon dismounted the Cannon that the Duke had noted, by which the Entrenchment was render'd more accessible. As we have already given an Account of this Battle, we shall only take notice of what relates more particularly to Mrs. *Davies*.

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When the Engagement was begun, she enter'd the Wood to carry Small Beer to her Husband, where the Shot and Bark of Trees flew about so thick as to give her some Uneasiness, several Pieces of the latter falling on her Neck, and getting down her Stays. Her Dog, which we have spoken of before, at the Entrance of the Wood howl'd in a pitiful manner; which surpriz'd her, as it was unusual. A Man, who was easing Nature, hearing him, said, *Poor Creature! he would fain tell you that his Master is dead.* How, said Mrs. Davies, *is he dead?* *I know not,* replied he, *but I am sure he is very much wounded.* This brought to her Mind her Husband's melancholy Prediction, that he should be kill'd in this Battle; but still hoping to find him alive, she ran among the Dead, turn'd over near two hundred, and found Brigadier Lallo, Sir Thomas Pendergrass, and a great many more of her best Friends among them. At last she spied a Stranger stripping her Husband's Body; but on Mrs. Davies's Approach, he went off and left his Booty, fearing the Effects of her Rage, which indeed was so great, that she would certainly have kill'd him, could she have laid Hands on him. Her Grief on this Occasion was inexpressible; she bit out a great Piece of her Right Arm, tore her Hair, threw herself upon the Corpse, and should have put a Period to her Life, had she had any Instrument of Death. At length she vented her Sorrow in a Flood of Tears, which gave her some Relief. While she was thus deploring her Loss, Captain Ross came by, who seeing her Agony, could not forbear sympathizing with her,

her, and drop'd some Tears, protesting that the poor Woman's Grief touch'd him nearer than the Loss of so many brave Men. This Compassion from the Captain gave her the Nick-name of *Mother Ross*, by which she was afterwards commonly known. After her Tears were a little abated, she dug a Grave for the Corpse, buried it, and would have thrown herself in with it, had she not been prevented by some of her Husband's Comrades. She then mounted her Mare, notwithstanding she had no Arms, and push'd into the Wood, with design to wreak her Vengeance on the *French*, (whom the Allies were then pursuing) and to tear in pieces whoever fell into her Hands; nay, if she had had Strength and Opportunity, she would have given no Quarter to any Man in the *French* Army. She was riding full speed after them, when Captain *Usher* laid hold of her Mare and forced her back, or she had inevitably been either kill'd or taken. The former she would not have thought a Misfortune, for her Distraction render'd her incapable of minding her Business, her whole Time being employ'd in running to her Husband's Grave, and endeavouring to remove the Earth with her Hands, in order to have another View of the Man whom she lov'd with greater Tenderneſs than herself, and for whose Safety she would willingly have sacrificed her own Life. The poor Dog was always found lying on his Master's Grave, and for several Days could not be persuaded to eat any thing. Mrs. *Davies* herself, though often importun'd, touch'd nothing of Sustenance for a whole Week. The Prince
of

of *Orange*, near whose Quarters her Tent was pitch'd, and who frequently heard her crying, was so compassionate as to order his Servants to fetch her to Meals, saying, *The poor Woman weeps Night and Day, and I fear will kill herself, which would grieve me.* They obey'd his Highness's Orders, and would set the choicest Meats before her, but she could touch nothing, however, she enjoy'd the Comfort of the Fire, and the Liberty of taking Coals to make one in her own Tent. Colonel *Hamilton's* Lady hearing of the Weakness of her Stomach, and that she was not able to bear any kind of Meat, sent for her, and order'd her what was more suitable to her Condition; and frequently endeavour'd to divert her Melancholy, by pleasantly chiding her for grieving so much for one Man, when she might pick and chuse from the whole Battalion. Sometimes she would gravely represent to her the Sin of Self-Murder, which would be the Consequence of indulging her excessive Grief: That besides, it was disputing the Will of God, which we ought to obey with Resignation. Colonel *Hamilton* often seconded his Lady's Charity; and by this means in about six Weeks *Mrs. Davies* began to get the better of her Melancholy, but was a long time before she could quite shake it off. During this Time she had left the Care of her Tent to a Drummer and his Wife, who had extravagantly consum'd her whole Substance. Her Horses however had been well taken care of by one *Hugh Jones*, a Grenadier, whom we have formerly mention'd to have had a great Esteem for her in her Husband's Life-time.

He

He now made his Addresses to her freely; to which, considering her Obligations to him, she could not help listening. In short, they were married in the Camp about eleven Weeks after her Husband's Decease, on condition that he should not eat or bed with her till they were in Garrison; which he agreed to, and kept his Promise, however contrary to his Inclinations. Her Marriage being known had like to have caused a Duel between a Serjeant and her new Husband, the former saying, *The Cow that lows most after her Calf goes soonest to Bull*: The latter took him up in a very sharp manner; and if others had not interposed and made them Friends, the Serjeant acknowledging that he was in the wrong, he might have repented his witty Reflection.

After the Reduction of *Mons*, their Regiment was quarter'd at *Ghent*, where they spent the Winter without any Event worthy of Notice; wherefore we shall proceed to the Operations of the ensuing Campaign, after having taken a short View of Affairs in *Spain*. This Year was fought the Battle of *Almenara*, where the Allies quitted Scores with the *Spaniards* for the Loss they sustain'd in that of *Almanza*. The Emperor sent his Brother King *Charles* some Troops from *Italy*, which arriv'd very opportunely to check the Progress of the Enemy, who had carried the Town and Castle of *Alicant*, defeated the *Portuguese* in the Plain of *Guadiana*, and liv'd at Discretion in their Country. *Philip* himself took the Field, and directed his March to *Catalonia*; but having Intelligence that the *French* were order'd to run

no Hazard, he return'd to *Madrid* very much dissatisfied, and there found a general Consternation on the Advice they had of the King of *France* having recall'd his Troops. Resolving to make the next Campaign in Person, he caus'd very great Levies to be made, and arriv'd the Beginning of *May* at *Lerida*, where he held a Council of War, in which it was resolv'd to besiege *Balaguera*; but the Waters being out, and having Advice of the Reinforcement his Competitor had receiv'd from *Italy*, after he had invested the Town, he judg'd it proper to draw off from before it, and return to *Lerida*. King *Charles* being inform'd of this March, privately rais'd his Camp, and march'd with the utmost Expedition to meet the Enemy, who immediately drew up on the rising Ground of *Almenara* with forty Squadrons, which were all their Horse, and eight or ten Battalions, while the rest of the Foot advanced. On another rising Ground, which commanded that where the Enemy was posted, the Allies mounted fourteen Pieces of Cannon, and, without staying for the Right Wing, charged the *Spaniards* so briskly with sixteen Squadrons, that they broke and drove them upon their Foot that were in the Bottom, whom they trod down, and caus'd so great a Confusion, that throwing away their Arms, and leaving their Baggage, Tents, Cannon and Waggon, they fled by the favour of the Night to *Lerida*. King *Philip* arriv'd there at Midnight, very much displeased with the Behaviour of his Cavalry. On his Arrival he was blooded, having been thrown by his Horse in the Action.

After this Victory, which cost the Allies but four hundred Men, they took in several Towns, making the Garrisons Prisoners of War; and a great part of the Kingdom of *Arragon*, as far as *Huesca*, submitted to King *Charles*, who, decamping from *Moncona* on the 12th of *August*, endeavour'd to bring the Enemy to a second Battle. He pass'd the *Ebre* near *Ozera* on the 19th, and march'd directly to them, who, under the Command of the Marquis de *Bay*, were posted on the rising Ground of *Jariexo*, stretching the Left towards *Saragossa*: He had the *Ebre* behind him, and the little River *Huebra* cover'd his Front. Each Army prepar'd on the 19th of *August* at Night, for a general Engagement the next Day. As soon as it was light, the *Spanish* Cannon began to play, and made a terrible Fire on the Allies, who notwithstanding march'd up in Order of Battle, and, receiving the Enemy's Fire, began the Attack. The Generals *Amezaga* and *Maboni* repulsed the Left Wing of the Allies, which Advantage gave the *Spaniards* great Hopes of the Victory: But General *Staremborg*, charging in his turn the Left Wing of the Enemy, and taking them at the same time in Flank with a Part of his Foot posted behind Hedges, they threw themselves in Disorder on the main Body, which they put into Confusion, and caused an entire Defeat of their whole Army about Four in the Afternoon. King *Charles*, who had the Satisfaction of supping that Night in the Tent of his Competitor, took sixty-two Colours and Standards, twenty-two Pieces of Cannon, all the Equipages, six thousand private Men,

Men, and four hundred Officers. General *Maboni*, who, with some of the Runaways, had thrown himself into the Castle of *Alfaxerea* near *Saragossa*, was summon'd, and obliged to surrender Prisoner of War, with those who had follow'd him.

After this Defeat, *Philip*, with an Escort of two hundred Officers, retir'd to *Madrid*. He immediately order'd Money and Provisions to be sent to his scatter'd Troops, and drew five thousand Men from the Frontiers of *Andalusia*, to reinforce his Army which was getting together. In the Interim, *Saragossa* submitted to King *Charles*, and sent him a Present of seventy thousand Pieces of Eight, with a Quantity of Cloathing, Ammunition, and Provision for his Army. After this the Allies march'd to *Madrid*: On whose Approach, *Philip* not thinking himself secure, sent the rich Furniture of the Palace to *Valladolid*, which he follow'd the next Day with his whole Court, having promised the *Castilians* by a Letter to return to *Madrid* in the Space of a Month. This Promise however did not prevent the Town's submitting to King *Charles*, on a Summons from General *Stanbope*; which was follow'd by a general Amnesty, and publick Rejoicings for three Days. The Allies having taken out of the Church of our Lady d' *Atocha* the Colours they had formerly lost, encamp'd at *Canillejas*; and soon after King *Charles* made his Entry into *Madrid*, and having heard Mass at the Church just mention'd, he left the City the same Night.

Philip made good his Promise of returning to *Madrid* in a Month; for the Troops he had drawn

drawn together from all Quarters form'd so considerable an Army, that the Allies were obliged to quit that City on the 11th of *November*, and withdraw to *Toledo*, which had submitted to *King Charles*. *Philip* made no long Stay at *Madrid*, but set out to place himself at the Head of his Army. His Design was to follow the Allies in their Retreat to *Arragon*, and bring them to a Battle; in which, in all likelihood, he would have had the Advantage, as they were divided into several Corps, that they might more easily subsist. On Advice that General *Stanhope* was at *Bribuega*, with eight Battalions and as many Squadrons, he order'd it to be immediately invested. The Cannon having made a Breach, the Besiegers gave the Assault, push'd to the very Centre of the Town, and, after a Defence of twenty-eight Hours, compell'd this numerous Body to surrender Prisoners of War; but on this Condition however, that the Officers should not be spoil'd of their Equipages and Horses. General *Staremburg* hearing of the Danger that *Stanhope* was in, march'd with all the Army to his Succour, and in the Night fired several Cannon to give him notice of his Arrival. He advanced as far as the Plain of *Villa-viciosa*, whither the *Spanish* Army, after the Expedition of *Bribuega*, march'd in Order of Battle to meet him, they being greatly superior in Number. The Duke of *Vendosme* attack'd and soon routed the Left Wing of the Allies; then taking their Horse in Flank, he broke them also; but the Foot maintain'd the Fight till Night, when they fled towards *Seguença*, leaving behind them their Cannon and wounded

that he would march to the Relief of the Town; and in effect he made a Detachment, which advanced very near to the Lines that the Allied Army had drawn, to prevent their being incommoded during the Siege. These Motions raised the Hopes of the Besieged, and animated them to a vigorous Defence; but notwithstanding all their Bravery, the Town was obliged to capitulate, and the Garrison march'd out with all the Marks of Honour.

The Partisan *Du Moulin* attempted to surprize *Lovain*, but was disappointed by the Bravery of the Burghers. On the 5th of *August* he detach'd a Party, who scaled the Wall between the old and new Gate of *Brussels*, where the Ditch is dry; and having enter'd the Town, without being perceived, disarm'd the Burghers Guard, open'd a Gate, and let in their Comrades, to the Number of four or five hundred; who posting themselves in *St. James's Church-yard*, sent a Party from thence to the Heart of the Town, and secur'd the Burghers Grand Guard. After this Expedition they intended to possess themselves of the other Gates; the Garrison, which was but a hundred and fifty Men, having withdrawn on the first Notice into the Castle. In the Interim the whole Town was alarm'd, and the Burgher-Master awaking with the Noise made in the Streets, ran disguis'd to *St. Peter's Church*, and rang the *Alarmum Bell*. Immediately the Burghers took to their Arms, and headed by *Van de Ven*, march'd to the Square, and drew up in Order before the Guard. *Du Moulin* hearing that all was in Motion, sent an Officer on Horseback to see
how

how Things went. He came to the Square with his drawn Sword in his Hand, and threaten'd the Burghers to fire the Town, if they did not lay down their Arms: But this Menace was so far from having the desir'd Effect, that one of them fired at him and shot him dead on the Spot. The Burgher-master immediately order'd the Inhabitants to repair to the Gate the Enemy had open'd, and retake it, while he at the Head of his Company march'd to St. *James's* Churchyard to dislodge the *French*; who, fearing they should be cut off from the Gate, thought proper to retreat just before the Burghers arriv'd.

When the Allies march'd to the Siege of *Doway*, one *Morgan Jones* stole a Mare from Mrs. *Davies*, so that she was obliged to purchase another, which she did of a *Hussar*, who had stolen it from a Boor. The latter found her in Mrs. *Davies's* Possession, and, notwithstanding she had endeavour'd to disguise her, knew and claim'd his Beast. She insisted that the Mare was her Property, that she had bought and paid for her, and would not part with her Right. This would not do; the Peasant complain'd to Lord *Orrery*, and making Oath that the Mare was his, Mrs. *Davies* was obliged to return her, but could never get the Money of the *Hussar*. However, she afterwards recover'd her stolen Mare, and her Husband heartily drubb'd the *Welchman* for his thieving.

After the Reduction of *Doway*, the Allies invested *Bethune*. The Town was well furnish'd with every thing necessary for holding out a long Siege; it was defended by deep

Ditches, a great Number of Mines, double Out-works, and the low Grounds about it were laid under Water. The Allies however found means to drain off the Water, carried on their Works without being molested by Mines, and prepar'd to give the Assault to the Outworks; but the Besieged not daring to expose themselves to it, hung out a white Ensign at Count *Schuitenburg's* Attack. Baron *Fagel* resenting the Governor's not doing the like on his Side, continued to push on his Works; and, thinking his Honour at stake, threaten'd to lay all in Ashes, if they delay'd it any longer. Monsieur *de Vauban*, who commanded in the Town, made some Difficulty of this, because there was no Breach as yet on the Side of the Baron's Attack: However, he was at length obliged to submit, a Capitulation was sign'd, and the Garrison march'd out with the Marks of Honour.

Mrs. *Davies* being in one of the Regiments which cover'd the Siege, had no occasion to run into Danger; but however would venture out with the Foragers, who had all like to have been cut off. Marshal *Villars* had detach'd several Squadrons to attack them, which fell on those that were to protect them, and soon made them give way; but the Foragers making head and sustaining them, the Tables were turn'd, and they drove the Enemy with great Slaughter. Fresh Troops coming to the Assistance of the *French*, the Foragers were compell'd to retreat to a Village, where they expected Succour from the Army. The *French* surrounded them, summon'd them to surrender, and upon Refusal attack'd them in Front, but were oblig'd to retreat

retreat at the Approach of the Piquet-Guard. In this Excursion for Forage, Mrs. *Davies* got out of a Barn a large Bolster full of Wheat, two Pots of Butter, and a great Quantity of Apples, all which she carried safe to her Tent.

After the Reduction of *Bethune*, as soon as the Works were fill'd up, and the Breaches hastily repair'd, *St. Venant* was invest'd by the Prince of *Orange*, and *Aire* by the Prince of *Anhalt-Dessau*. Monsieur *de Guebriant*, who commanded in the latter, made all the necessary Preparations for a vigorous Defence. At *St. Venant*, the Besiegers, after having made the proper Approaches, gave several Assaults to the Outworks; and the Besieged, seeing them about to raise Batteries to play upon the Body of the Town, capitulated; and were allow'd to march out with the usual military Honours. Mrs. *Davies's* Husband was at this Siege, where at the Attack of the Counterscarp he receiv'd a Musquet-Ball in his Thigh. She had the Affliction to see him brought off by his Comrades; but felt nothing like the Grief which seiz'd her when she found her dear *Richard Welch* among the Dead. As she knew nothing more dangerous for him than to catch Cold, she pull'd off her Cloaths to cover him up warm, and accompanied him to the Trench; where a Surgeon having search'd and dress'd his Wound, said it was but slight, but the next Day finding the Bone broken, judg'd it mortal, as indeed it prov'd to be.

When *St. Venant* had surrender'd, the wounded Men were carried to the Army at *Aire*, before which Town the Prince of *Anhalt-*

Dessau open'd the Trenches in two Places on the 12th of *September* at Night. The stony Ground, the great Rains, and the brave Defence of the Besieged, contributed to the Length and Difficulty of this Siege. The Garrison disputed the Ground Inch by Inch, and behaved with exemplary Courage: The Allies however surmounted all these Obstacles; and having carried the cover'd Way, fill'd up the Ditch which led to the Breach, and prepared the last Batteries, compell'd the Garrison to beat the *Chamade*, who were allow'd to march out on the 11th of *November* with four Pieces of Cannon, two Mortars, and all the Marks of Honour. This Siege put a Period to the Campaign, and the Army was order'd into Winter-Quarters. The wounded Men were sent to the Hospital at *Lisle*, where Mrs. *Davies's* Husband daily grew worse, and had his Wound often laid open; which at length turn'd to a Mortification, and carried him off.

Mrs. *Davies* having no Acquaintance in *Lisle*, had no Business to support her. Brigadier *Preston*, the only one she knew, allow'd her a Crown a Week, and a Dinner every *Tuesday*; and whenever he had any Entertainment, she was allow'd, for assisting the Cook, to carry away Victuals enough for three or four Days. This Goodness might perhaps proceed partly from Generosity, and partly from a grateful Remembrance of the Care she took of him when he lay ill of a Wound he received at *Ramillies*.

The Unanimity of the Allies was the principal Cause of a successful War; which at last,
through

through the Divisions in *England* between the *Whigs* and *Tories*, was attended with a less advantageous Peace than might have been expected from so many glorious Victories.

The Beginning of *April* the Emperor *Joseph* was attack'd with a violent Distemper, which in spite of all the Advice of his Physicians daily increased, who at length discover'd that the Remedies they had prescribed were contrary to the Nature of his Distemper, which prov'd to be the Small-Pox: However, he was not thought in Danger till the 15th; but the next Day his Imperial Majesty complain'd of a great Heat in his Bowels, and a great Heaviness and Distraction in his Head. This augmenting the Consternation the Court was in, caused great Disputes among the Physicians; in which they spent a whole Night, and came to no Conclusion till the Morning, when the Emperor was past taking any Remedy, and had but just Life enough to receive the Sacraments and the Apostolical Benediction from the Nuncio, before he gave up the Ghost.

The Grand Army was drawn early together at *Orckies*, where it remain'd till the 30th of *April*, and from thence march'd on the Side of the Plain of *Doway*, without entering upon any thing of Importance, on account of the *French* giving out, that they would send a large Body of Troops into *Germany* under the Command of the Elector of *Bavaria*, to take Advantage of the Consternation caused by the Death of the Emperor; but these Designs proved abortive, by the Allies having the Precaution to send a very considerable Detachment to the *Upper*

Rhine. After the Allies had posted themselves between *Valenciennes* and *Doway*, they had two or three Skirmishes with the Enemy; and on the Arrival of Prince *Eugene* march'd to *Lens*, to give the *French* a fair Opportunity to come to a general Battle. They made a Shew of being inclin'd to it, by laying Bridges over the *Scheld*, and altering the Situation of their Army, though they had no such Intention: However, seven or eight hundred Men were order'd to force a fortified Post at *Arleux*, whom our Heroine follow'd in the Piquet Guard, sent to support them in case they should be worsted by the *French*. The Detachment carried the Post, and began to fortify themselves in it, a large Body of Troops being sent to cover them. These the *French* surprized in the Night and put into Disorder; but those whom they were to cover awaking, and falling on in their Shirts Sword in Hand, the others rallied, and the Enemy was repulsed. The next Morning, going into a neighbouring Wood, Mrs. *Davies* had the good Fortune to find a very handsome Horse tied to a Tree, with a Tent upon his Back as good as new; which probably had been left there by one of the Party who attack'd them the Night before.

During this Time of Inaction, for it hardly deserves another Name, the Prince of *Orange* quitted the Army to make a Tour to the *Hague*, to terminate some Differences with the King of *Prussia* relating to the Inheritance of King *William's* Estates; but on his Journey was unfortunately drown'd at *Moerdyk*, and his Body found a Week after by a Boat of *Berg-op-zoom*.

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A few Days after this fatal Accident, the General of the Allies gave out that they would attack the Lines the *French* had drawn to cover the Country of *Artois*, behind which they had hitherto laid. In effect, the Duke of *Marlborough*, having advanced within two Leagues of those Lines, order'd the Horse to cut several thousand Fascines to fill up the Ditch, and sent away the heavy Baggage under the Conduct of General *Hompesch*, that he might have no Encumbrance. This Detachment, which seem'd design'd for nothing more than an Escort, being join'd by Part of several Garrisons, and increased to eight thousand Foot and two thousand Horse, General *Hompesch* march'd with all possible Expedition towards *Arleux*, in order to pass the River *Senset*, from which *Villars* had drawn his Forces to strengthen his Army, believing he should be attack'd in his Lines. But the Allies, who had only amused him, precipitately decamping, and dividing themselves into four Columns, march'd towards *Arleux* to support Count *Hompesch*. The Duke of *Marlborough*, that he might get thither soon enough, went before with all the Horse of the Right Wing. Marshal *Villars* could scarce believe the first Intelligence he received of this March, but having Advice by which he was convinced, he also rais'd his Camp. However, as the Allies were so far before him, that it was impossible for him to overtake them with his whole Army, he placed himself at the Head of twenty Squadrons to dispute the Passage of the *Senset*: But having cross'd a Defile, he found Count *Hompesch* drawn up in Order of Battle on the
other

other Side of the River, supported by the Duke of *Marlborough* at the Head of the Horse. The good Countenance they shew'd prevented his taking advantage of the Distance of the rest of the Army, and made him determine on a Retreat. The crossing the *Senset* render'd the *French* Lines useless, and gave the Allies an Entrance into the Enemy's Country, without the Loss of a Man, and was look'd upon as a Master-stroke of the Duke of *Marlborough*.

The first Consequence of this Expedition was the Siege of *Bouchain*, which was invested by Baron *Fagel*. Marshal *Villars*, to impede the Siege and keep a Communication with the Town, rais'd an Entrenchment near *Marquette*, which was extended as far as the *Morass* of *Bouchain*, and posted in it twenty Battalions. The Besiegers, notwithstanding this, undertook to close their Circumvallation on that Side, and carried it from the rising Ground to the *Morass*, across which they at length extended it, making it firm with Pontons, Fascines, &c. This having render'd the Marshal's Endeavours fruitless, the Trenches were open'd, and the Batteries began to play; which made such a terrible Fire, that the Garrison not being able to stand, made but a feeble Opposition to the Approaches of the Allies, and were soon obliged to capitulate; and march'd out to the Number of three thousand Men. This was the last Expedition of the Campaign.

During this Siege Mrs. *Davies* was constantly employ'd in my Lord *Stair's* Kitchen, under his Cook; into which Colonel K---- coming, would have been rude enough, if she had not disengag'd

disengag'd herself with a Case-Knife, just as Lord Forrester came in, who ask'd what was the matter. She told him *the Colonel was but a bad Judge of Mankind, who were to be read by their Actions: Had he consider'd that the Love she bore her Husband had made her expose herself to all the Dangers of a Soldier's Life, he would not have made an Attempt so unbecoming his Character, and so little likely to succeed.* The Colonel said he only intended to kiss her. Lord Forrester commended and rewarded her Virtue with a Piece of Gold, while he gave the Colonel a gentle and friendly Reprimand; who, a few Days after, had his Heel taken off by a Musquet-Ball, which Wound laid him up for a considerable Time. As Mrs. Davies was one Day maroding near the besieged Town, she got a Basket-full of Fowls and Pigeons, which she presented to the wounded Colonel, to whom she was reconcil'd, as he had begg'd her Pardon. These were no Trifles neither, considering the Scarcity of Provisions, occasion'd by the two Armies being so near each other, and the Danger of stirring abroad. The Colonel took this Present in so good part, that he gave her three Barrels of strong Beer, and was very generous to her ever after. Nothing happen'd to Mrs. Davies in particular all this Campaign of 1711, which was the last the Duke of *Marlborough* made, to the no small Regret of the whole Army, by whom he was entirely beloved.

One Day, while the Siege continued, they had a great Dinner to dress, and wanting some Assistance in the Kitchen, my Lord borrow'd
General

General *Schomberg's* Cook. The General dining with my Lord, he was not wanted at his own Quarters. When the Dinner was over, the borrow'd Cook took some of the Provisions that were left along with him. Near his Master's Quarters he met with a Corporal, who had been upon Duty eight and forty Hours, without any Refreshment during that Time. The Cook took Compassion upon the almost famish'd Soldier, and gave him all he had brought from Lord *Stair's* Kitchen; which General *Schomberg's* Quarter-Master observing, went up to the Cook, and ask'd if he had any Provision for him: But the Cook answering in the Negative, from Words the Quarter-Master proceeded to Blows; which the Cook not caring to take, he return'd them with Interest, and drubb'd the Quarter-Master to some tune. When the General return'd to his Tent, the beaten Quarter-Master made his Complaints to him, who not entering into the Merits of the Cause, order'd the poor Cook into the Custody of the Provost, where he was confin'd four and twenty Hours. The next Day after his Confinement, General *Schomberg* din'd again with my Lord, among several other Officers of the Army. When they were all seated, Mrs. *Davies* enter'd the Room with her usual Freedom, and, looking my Lord *Stair* full in the Face, open'd the Case in the following manner: *May it please your Lordship, I have heard of Persons put into Confinement for Theft, but never yet of one imprison'd for not stealing. I beg your Lordship therefore to prevail on the General to release his Cook for not filching from your Lordship's*

ship's Table two Days ago, in order to fill the Paunch of the General's Quarter-Master: Or if it is a Dutch Custom, I desire it may for once be overlook'd. The General was prevail'd on by the Company to send Orders for the Cook's Release, who came into my Lord's Kitchen before Dinner was over. As soon as Mrs. *Davies* saw him at Liberty, she went into the Dining-Room, and told the General she came to give him a Kiss, by way of Acknowledgment: But the General by his Countenance seem'd to say he was unworthy of so great an Honour. However, observing by the Eyes of my Lord *Stair* that he was willing she should pursue the Frolick, she wip'd her greasy Chops with her Apron, and proceeded to do as she said. The General finding her resolute, rose from his Chair, and they had a Race round the Table for some time: But he being a very good-humour'd Gentleman, and knowing her free way, stopp'd and kiss'd her heartily; though at the same time he told the Company, *if he had not had a very good Stomach, the greasy Bitch would have spoiled it.*

Another time one of my Lord's Footmen had been playing the Game of Up-Tails-all, and had the ill Luck to meet with a Fire-ship. The poor Fellow was in a desperate Condition, and his Modesty (tho' Mrs. *Davies's* Countryman) prevented the Discovery for some time: At last my Lord's Gentleman found it out, and having a Smattering in Physick, undertook the Cure. Mrs. *Davies* being of an inquisitive Nature, soon came to the Truth; and was barbarous enough to plague the poor Wretch about

it:

it: But he still denied the Affair, telling her he fear'd he was in a Consumption; and frequently borrow'd Saucepans, &c. to prepare Medicines, by Order of his Physician. One Day, unknown to Mrs. *Davies*, he had taken a Stew-pan to boil his Ingredients for a Poullice; and when she wanted it, it was no where to be found. She search'd every Place she could think of, and all to no purpose; till hearing People whisper in a little Room, where the Lumber was generally put, she peep'd through the Key-hole, and soon perceiv'd what Use the Gentleman and Footman made of the Stew-pan. She had not Patience to call to them, but broke the Door open with her Knee, which so much surpriz'd the Doctor and Patient, that they both rush'd out of the Door, the Footman with his Breeches down, and twenty Yards of Roller at his Heels. She call'd after him, threatening to tell my Lord the Use he had made of the Stew-pan, and was as good as her Word; tho' her Motive was not Ill-nature, for she knew my Lord would order a proper Surgeon to take care of the poor Fellow. One Day at Dinner she told the Story to the Company whilst the Footman was waiting at the Table, just as he had been order'd to take away the first Dish; which he did in such Confusion, that he threw down what Broth was left in it over the Duke of A---e. This increas'd the poor Wretch's Disorder, who running with Precipitation out of the Door, met full-but three Servants coming in with the rest of the Dinner. He threw down the first, the first the second, the second the third, Dishes and all; and never made his Appearance

pearance till Night. The Fellow by his Lordship's Order was put under the Care of the Surgeon of the Regiment and that in good time; for had he continued under his first Quack-Doctor, the least of his Losses would have been that of his Nose: But by the Surgeon's Skill his Bridge was secur'd, and he became a sound Man again, returning Thanks to Mrs. *Davies* for the lucky Accident, as he call'd it. But to return to the State of publick Affairs.

During the Siege of *Bouchain*, *Charles III.* King of *Spain* was elected Emperor; of whose Affairs, with relation to the *Spanish* Monarchy, the Succession to which was the principal Ground of the War, it will not be amiss to take a short View. After *Philip* had won the Victory of *Villa-viciosa* in the Year 1710, he once more became Master of the whole Kingdom of *Aragon*, the Subjects of which were obliged to renew their Oaths of Allegiance to him. This Reduction being made, the Duke of *Noailles* invested *Girone*; and having carried the *Red Fort*, attack'd the Town on the same Side. When two Breaches were made, there fell such a violent Rain, that it ruin'd all the Besiegers Works and Batteries, and reduced them to great Streights. When the Rain ceased, they began to repair the Damage; and having sprung a Mine with the desir'd Success, they mounted the Breach, and carried the first Entrenchment, when the Governor sent to desire a Capitulation; which was granted accordingly, and the *French* enter'd the Town.

After the Surrender of *Girone*, the Troops went into Winter-Quarters. *Philip* chose *Saragossa*,

gossa, to be at hand to give his Orders, and made new Levies, giving out that they were design'd for the Siege of *Barcelona*. In the Interim Count *Staremborg* having receiv'd from *England* large Remittances of Money, and some Troops from *Italy*, which considerably increased his Army, possess'd himself of *Pratz-del-Rey*, a very advantageous Post, from which all the Endeavours of the Enemy could not remove him: Wherefore while the two Armies were disputing the Ground, the Duke of *Vendosme* detach'd Count *Muret* with six thousand Men to form the Siege of *Cardona*; which, though not well fortified, had a good Castle and a numerous Garrison. The old Towers were soon demolish'd by the Cannon of the Besiegers, who having made an Assault, carried the Rampart, enter'd the Town, and obliged such of the Inhabitants as had not withdrawn into the Castle, to surrender Prisoners of War. Being Masters of the Town, they turn'd all their Strength against the Castle, the Garrison whereof, having Hopes of Succour, made a resolute Defence. They were reduced to eat their Horses and Asses, when Count *Staremborg* sent a Detachment, which being advanced near the Castle, drove the Besiegers, and vigorously repuls'd twelve Companies of Grenadiers who endeavour'd to dislodge them. Their Business was to keep the Enemy in Motion, to gain a Passage for four hundred Men, laden with Provisions, into the Castle; which was luckily effected, by the Besiegers abandoning their Post on the Approach of the Troops that sustain'd the Convoy: They however very strenuously endeavour'd

endeavour'd to gain the rising Ground, which the Allies had in possession, but all their Efforts were ineffectual; and after having lost two thousand Men kill'd or taken, they thought fit to retreat and carry off what Baggage they could. This Loss made the Duke of Vendosme take the Advantage of the Night and a great Fog to decamp from *Pratz del Rey*.

The Allies never had so numerous an Army in *Flanders*, as this Year; and the Duke of *Ormond*, who succeeded the Duke of *Marlborough* in the Command of the Forces, protested he would exert himself to bring the *French* to listen to Reason: Notwithstanding which, when a fair Opportunity offer'd, and a Resolution was taken to attack them, he declar'd he had no Orders to act against the *French*. This very much enraged the other Generals; who, however, could not think of remaining inactive the whole Campaign; and notwithstanding the Duke of *Ormond* refused to employ any Part of the *English* Forces in the Siege of *Quesnoy*, that Town was invested by the rest of the Allies on the 8th of *June*, under the Command of General *Fagel*. Though the Nights were then very short, and the Moon at the Full, this did not prevent the opening of the Trenches. The Town desir'd to capitulate on the 3d of *July*, but they could get no better Terms than to be made Prisoners of War.

New Instructions were sent to the Duke of *Ormond*, in consequence of which he withdrew from the rest of the Army with all the *English* Troops, and proclaim'd a Suspension of Arms at the Head of his Camp.

To the end the Allies might be render'd incapable of undertaking any thing considerable against *France*, the Duke of *Ormond* endeavour'd to draw off the *German* Troops in *English* Pay, and to bring them to enter into the Suspension of Arms. With this Design he gave them Advice of his going off, and summon'd them to follow him; which they refused to do, except one Battalion and six Squadrons. Having sent the same Orders to the Prince d' *Anhalt-Dessau*, General of the *Prussian* Troops, this Prince return'd for Answer, That he had receiv'd Instructions from the King his Master, with Command to obey the *English* General in whatever should not be contrary to them; by which he was enjoin'd to act offensively as well as defensively; and if he receiv'd contrary Orders, the King commanded him to withdraw, and join his Forces to Prince *Eugene's* Army. The Prince of *Hesse-Cassel* being also summon'd, thus address'd himself to the Officer who carried the Order: *Sir, tell the Duke of Ormond, that the Hessian Troops desire nothing more ardently than to march, provided it be against the French: I will do myself the Honour to acquaint his Excellency with the Reason I cannot now obey his Orders.* The Army decamping to march to *Thi-an*, all the foreign Troops in *English* Pay left the Duke of *Ormond*, and join'd Prince *Eugene*. Tho' the withdrawing the *British* Forces considerably weaken'd the Army, the Allies undertook the Siege of *Landrecy*, which the Prince of *Anhalt-Dessau* invested on the 17th of *July*, with thirty-five Battalions and thirty Squadrons.

When

When the Duke of *Ormond* decamp'd, he made a Feint of taking the *Ypres* Road, and of staying in that Neighbourhood, but soon changed his Rout, and made an expeditious March towards *Ghent* and *Bruges*, which two Places he surpriz'd and garrison'd, and thus became Master of the Pass of those Convoys, which the Allies receiv'd by the *Lys* and the *Scheld*.

On the 19th of *July*, *France* gave Possession of *Dunkirk* to the Troops the Queen sent thither from *England*. But to return to the Siege of *Landrecy*.

The Allies, to keep open a Communication with *Doway*, *Tournay*, and *Marchienne*, had posted a Body of Troops in an Entrenchment at *Denain* on the *Scheld*. *Marshal Villars* being inform'd very minutely of the Strength and Disposition of the Allies, and consequently of the Corps at *Denain*, resolv'd to surprize these Troops. After several false Motions to deceive the Allies, and to make them believe he intended to succour *Landrecy*, he on a sudden changed his Rout, and being reinforced by the Garrisons of *Cambray* and *Valenciennes*, fell furiously with his whole Army upon the little Camp at *Denain*. It was impossible for the Earl of *Albemarle*, who commanded this Body, to withstand the whole *French* Army, or even to retreat: Wherefore after a short Engagement the Entrenchment was carried, and all who defended it were kill'd in the Action. The next Day the victorious *French* appear'd before *Marchienne*, a weak Town, which they took with little Trouble. Here they found not only

all the Artillery and Ammunition design'd for the Siege of *Landrecy*, but all the Provisions, brought together at a prodigious Expence, for the Support of the Army.

The Court of *France*, on the Advice of this Success, no longer doubted of the Allies being compell'd to accept of such Conditions of Peace as the *English* and *French* had prescribed them. They were confirmed in this Opinion by the taking an hundred and fifty Barks laden with Ammunition and Provisions, the raising the Siege of *Landrecy*, and the Retreat of the Allies towards *Mons*. In effect those Losses had so greatly weaken'd the Confederates, that, far from being in a Condition to undertake any Enterprize, they were not able to prevent Marshal *Villars* retaking several Towns this Campaign.

The Marshal being flush'd with this Turn of Fortune, invested *Doway* on the 3d of *August*. He left the Care of the Siege to Marshal *Montesquiou* and Count *Albergotti*, while he himself, with the grand Army, observ'd the Motions of Prince *Eugene*, who, after the raising the Siege of *Landrecy*, had retir'd and advanced very near *Tournay* to succour the Besieged, if he found it practicable. After he had been several times to reconnoitre the Enemy's Lines, it was thought too dangerous to attack them: However, the Prince having spread a Report that he would march to the Relief of the Town, actually decamp'd and drew near to the Enemy; but as this Motion was made with no other View than to encourage the Besieged, the Army soon return'd to its Post. General *Hompesch*, who had

had thrown himself into the Town with some Troops before it was invested, defended himself with all the Bravery that could be expected with a weak and an ill-provided Garrison. He held out till the 10th of *September*, and at last was allow'd no other Conditions than to surrender Prisoners of War. Before the End of this Siege, and after Prince *Eugene's* Retreat, Marshal *Villars*, having led his Troops over the *Scheld*, advanced to the Plain of *Sebourg*, to deprive the Allies of all Communication with *Quesnoy*; and having thrown up an Entrenchment for that purpose, he invested the Town in Form. General *Ivoy*, the Governor, defended himself with all imaginable Bravery; but the *French* notwithstanding, carrying on their Works with the utmost Vigour, made themselves Masters of the Outworks without great Loss; and having made a Breach, fill'd up the Ditch, and finished the Galleries, all the Grenadiers of the Army were order'd to prepare for a general Assault. Before it was given, the Marshal summon'd the Governor, who not being strong enough to withstand the Enemy, was obliged to surrender upon the same Terms with the Garrison of *Doway*. Towards the End of the Siege of *Quesnoy*, the Chevalier *Luxembourg* invested *Bouchain*, and attack'd it with such Resolution, that the Garrison, which consisted but of five hundred Men, were soon obliged to surrender.

In the midst of these Disasters, the Garrison of *Ostend* gain'd a considerable Advantage over the *French*. Monsieur *Caris*, Governor of that Town, being inform'd of the weak Condition

of the Garrison of Fort *Knoque*, sent the Partisan *La Rue*, with an hundred and fourscore Men, who in the Night-time found means to conceal themselves in some Houses that lay between the Draw-bridge and the Fort; and at the opening of the Gate seized upon the two nearest Bridges, surpriz'd the Guard, possess'd themselves of the other Gates, and disarm'd the Garrison. This was the last Expedition of the Campaign in 1712.

Some time after the *English* Troops had taken possession of *Dunkirk*, Mrs. *Davies* applied to the Duke of *Ormond* for a Pass to *England*; which he not only sign'd, but generously order'd her Money enough to defray her Charges. She left *Ghent*, and went by Water to *Dunkirk*, where she was kindly received by the Regiment she had belong'd to, which was garrison'd in that Town. Being oblig'd to wait here some time for the Arrival of the Pacquet-Boat, she went to pay her Respects to the Governor, General *Hill*, to have her Pass sign'd. He was then very ill and confin'd to his Bed; but however sign'd it, and sent her two Pistoles, with a handsome Compliment; directing Orders to be given to the Commander of the Pacquet, to respect her as an Officer's Widow. During her Stay here, she was going to visit Colonel *Ingram*, and accidentally meeting him by the way, told him her Design to fowl a Plate with him. *I should be glad*, said he, *if you would defer the Favour to another Day, as a Set of Officers are invited to dine with Brigadier Durel, and 'tis probable, that beside a better Dinner, you may get wherewithal to defray your Charges to*
England.

England. She thank'd him for the Hint, and took his Advice, but they had din'd before she got thither. Brigadier *Durel* seeing her Disappointment by her Looks, ask'd her if she would take up with a Morsel at the Servants Table. O' my Conscience, says Mrs. *Davies*, you have shewn the Height of good Breeding, to sit down before I came, for I don't suppose but *Ingram* acquainted the Company that I intended them the Honour of mine; however, my Pride shall never defraud my Belly, and I don't know but your Servants may be the politer Company of the two; for had they known, as you did, that a Person of my Distinction would condescend to grace their Table, they would have had the good Manners to wait my Coming. Having thus gravely deliver'd herself, she went to Dinner, and after eating heartily, return'd to take a chearful Bottle with the Company. One of them was in a fine laced Sute of Cloaths, whereof he took more than ordinary Care; which rais'd a Desire in the rest to have them spoil'd. To this end they plied him well with Wine, and never let the Bottle rest, in hopes he would spill some upon his Cloaths; but his Care of them increased as he grew drunk, and they were disappointed of their Aim: This made them propose the Mischief to Mrs. *Davies*, who lov'd a little Roguery as well as the best of them. She pretended she could not finish her Bottle; and all the Company, except the Gentleman in the fine Cloaths, seem'd willing to excuse her; but he swore she should take the Glas in her turn. The more Reluctance she shew'd, the more he insisted upon Mrs. *Davies's* pledging him every

time the Glass came round. She endeavour'd to excuse herself, expressing her Fear of becoming offensive to the Company. All Arguments were vain, drink she must, and drink she did, till at last opening her Flood-gates, she pour'd a Torrent of indigested Wine upon one Side of his glittering Cloaths. A pallid Ire now o'erspread his Cheeks, and Indignation sparkled in his Eyes, while foetid Fumes arising from the Flood, forced him to strip, and at a distance hurl the now polluted Robe. But to quit these Heroicks, he did all he could to conceal his Anger, as he thought it entirely his own Fault, for he had not the least Notion of his Misfortune being design'd. Mrs. *Davies* pretended to be very sick and fuddled, and was for taking her Leave, but the Gentlemen would not part with her, till they had contributed to the Charges of her Voyage, giving her two Crowns apiece.

Soon after this she embark'd for *England*, and a few Days after her Arrival waited on the Duke of *Marlborough*, in order to get some Provision made for her, in consideration of her own Actions, and the Loss of two Husbands in her Majesty's Service. The Duke gave her a very kind Reception, and express'd his Concern that he could not serve her; giving her a gentle Reprimand for not coming to *England* when he sent for her, and had it in his Power. This the Duke had done before he resign'd his Command, which we forgot to mention in its proper Place. His Grace, when she took leave, gave her a Guinea, and honour'd her with his good Wishes. In hopes of better
Success,

Success, she resolv'd to apply to the Duke of *Argyle*, who was still in the Enjoyment of his Sovereign's Favour. Accordingly, the next Day she set out for his Grace's House, but met him in his Chair. The Duke spied her first, and asking a Footman of his, to whom she was perfectly well known, whether that was not Mother *Ross*? being answer'd in the Affirmative, stopp'd his Chair. After having ask'd her several Questions, the Duke gave her a Guinea, and bad her go to his House and wait his Return, saying he would consider how something might be done to provide for her. She went accordingly, and was shewn into the Housekeeper's Room, who went up to her Lady, and told her who was in the House. Her Grace, having heard Mother *Ross*'s Character from her Lord, sent for her to her Apartment, made her sit down, breakfast with her, and tell the Story of her Adventures; which she did in as concise a manner as she could, and her Grace seem'd very well pleased; particularly when she related the Duke's Escape at *Rousselaer*; telling her, that for the Advice she gave her Lord of the Enemy's Approach, she should always esteem her, and do her any Service she was able. Indeed her Grace kept her Word, for she heap'd many Favours on her; which we mention to her Honour, as they were so many Proofs of her conjugal Affection to her Lord. After Mrs. *Davies* had finish'd her Story, the Duchess made her a Present of a Guinea and a half, enjoining her Silence, lest it might prevent her Lord's Bounty. By this time the Duke came in, and was very merry with

with his Lady on her admitting a Dragoon into her Bedchamber. When Dinner was ready, the Duke would have seated his Visiter at his Table; but as there was Company, she prevail'd upon him to permit her to dine at a second; from whence my Lord sent for her when the Meal was over, and kept her with the Company till Evening. The Duchess seeing her under some Restraint, and at a loss how to behave before a Person of her Character and Quality, made her a handsome Compliment, saluted her, and withdrew; desiring to see her often, that they might be better acquainted. This gave them an Opportunity to talk over their Adventures with Freedom; which they did the more agreeably, as two of the Duke's Aids-de-Camp were of the Company. When it grew dark, Mrs. *Davies* took her Leave, and the Duke gave her another Guinea, ordering her to get a Petition drawn up for the Queen, to carry it to the Duke of *Hamilton*, and he himself would back it. The two Aids-de-Camp made her a Present of three Crowns each.

According to the Duke's Advice, she got a Petition drawn up, representing, that she had served twelve Years in the Earl of *Orkney's* Regiment as a Man, that she had received several Wounds, and lost two Husbands in the Service. With this she waited on Duke *Hamilton*, who at first made some Scruple, as if she was an Impostor: But Mrs. *Davies* appealing to any Officer in the Army for the Truth of what she said, the Duke went into a Parlour, where, as it afterwards appear'd, he had two Officers belonging to the Regiment wherein Mrs. *Davies* had

had serv'd. They confirm'd all she had advanced in her Petition; upon which the Duke gave her a Crown to get a new Petition drawn up to present herself to the Queen next Morning, he intending to present the other that Night. She thank'd his Grace, and was very punctual in following his Directions. Having got a Petition finely written out, she dress'd herself next Day the best she could, and went to Court. She placed herself at the Bottom of the great Stairs, where she had not waited long before her Majesty came down, supported by the Duke of *Argyle*. Upon this, she fell on her Right Knee, as she had been instructed to do, and deliver'd her Petition, which the Queen receiv'd with a Smile, help'd her up, and promised to provide for her; and perceiving her with Child, added, *If you are deliver'd of a Boy, I will give him a Commission as soon as he is born*: But to her Sorrow it prov'd a Girl, who afterwards caused her great Trouble and Vexation. Her Majesty was farther pleased to give her an Order to the Earl of *Oxford* for fifty Pounds, to defray the Charge of her Lying-in. Mrs. *Davies* frequently waited on that noble Lord, but to no purpose; which having humbly represented to the Queen, she gave her a second Order to Sir *William Windham*, who readily paid the Money.

Some time after she was brought to Bed, Lord *Forester* order'd her to be at the *King's-Arms* in *Pall-Mall*, where he was to dine with some other Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Army, designing to make a Collection for her immediate Support. She was punctual to the
Time

Time his Lordship had appointed ; but none of the Company being yet come, she waited at the Door with her Child in her Arms. In the mean time a Soldier, who had serv'd abroad, seeing her, and concluding her to be a lewd Woman, began to treat her as such with Oaths and ill Language, concluding his Salutation with a Blow across her Breasts with his Stick. The Language itself was sufficiently provoking, but the Blow enraged her to such a Degree, that, not considering the Child she had in one Arm, she flew upon him, and began to belabour him with the other. A Drawer, who saw the Disadvantage she was under, took the Child from her ; when, having both Hands at liberty, she beat her Aggressor in such a manner, that he cried for Quarter, begg'd Pardon most submissively, and promised to shew her the greatest Respect for the future. This Insult, and the consequential Battle, prov'd very lucky for Mrs. *Davies* ; for it happen'd as the Quality were returning from Court, who stopp'd their Chariots to be Spectators of the Fray, in which she receiv'd neither Hurt nor Loss but that of tearing her Sarsenet Hood ; which however was amply repair'd by Money thrown by Lord *Hervey* and the Marquis of *Winchester* out of the Tavern Window, and a Collection amongst others of the Nobility, which amounted to upwards of nine Pounds, besides a large Quantity of untouch'd Provisions from the Tables of such Quality as din'd at the *King's-Arms* that Day.

A few Days after this, as she was sauntering in the *Court of Requests*, she met with two of
her

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her Countrywomen who sold Fruit, &c. One of them, a single Woman, named *Judith*, was her Acquaintance in *Ireland*; the other, whose Name was *Mary*, had two Husbands, one living in *Ireland* and one in *Drury-Lane*. This latter, as two of a Trade can never agree, took it into her Head to reflect on the Reputation of the former, who, good-natur'd Girl, always traded on her own Bottom; whereas the other not only dealt on her own Stock, but got Money also by other Folks Wares. As Mrs. *Davies* was then talking with *Judith*, she resented this Impertinence of *Mary*, by giving her School-Discipline in a publick manner, which afforded no small Diversion to the Spectators, especially the Gentlemen of the Livery.

One Saturday Morning, the 15th of November 1712, as Mrs. *Davies* was going through *Hyde-Park*, she saw four Gentlemen jump over the Ditch into the Nursery, which made her suspect a Duel, and hasten towards them to endeavour to prevent it. However, she could not get time enough; for they all four drew and engaged, two and two, with great Animosity. One was Colonel *Hamilton*, who instantly closed in and disarm'd his Antagonist, General *Maccartney*; and at the same time the other two fell, the one upon the other. These were Lord *Mokun* and the Duke of *Hamilton*; the former of whom fell dead upon the Spot, and the latter expired soon after. Colonel *Hamilton* was wounded in the Instep; and *Maccartney*, as some Keepers came up, walk'd off, and was not taken, though a considerable Reward was offer'd for apprehending him. Had
Mrs.

Mrs. *Davies* been examin'd as a Witness in this Affair, her Affidavit might possibly have left no Doubt; but it was very happy for her that she was not thought of, as her Evidence would in all Probability have offended the Friends of the deceased Lords, whose Charity she had often experienced. For a fuller Account of this Affair, we refer our Readers to the History of those Times.

It was not long after this, that, instigated by a strong Desire of seeing her Friends and native Country, which she had not visited for some Years, Mrs. *Davies* wrote to her Mother to let her know she would be in *Dublin* in a short time, and indeed got there before her, who, though upwards of a hundred Years of Age, travelled ten Miles on foot to give her the Meeting. The poor old Woman, who had long given her over for dead, having in so many Years heard nothing of her, wept for Joy, and in such an excessive manner when she embraced her, that the Daughter could not refrain mingling her Tears with those of her Mother. Upon Enquiry after her Children, she learnt that the elder of them died at the Age of eighteen, and that the younger was in the Work-house. The Nurse, with whom, at her Departure, she had left the best of her Goods together with her Child, soon threw him upon the Parish. Indeed, but one of those with whom she had intrusted her Effects, was honest enough to give any Account of them, and that was Mr. *Howell*, Father to the Person who ruin'd her virgin Innocence: All the others, like the Nurse, converted the Goods to their own Use,

Use, and look'd upon her as an unreasonable Woman to expect a Return. Her Misfortune was, that the honest Man had but few, and those the worst of her Goods, which he kept safe and restor'd justly. She was equally unfortunate with regard to her House; for the Person dying whom she left in it, one *Bennet* claim'd it as his Freehold, and having got Possession of it, Mrs. *Davies* could not eject him, nor contest his Title, her Writings being lost or destroy'd. And indeed not having Money sufficient to carry on a Law-Suit, without which it is in vain to expect Justice, she was compell'd to sit down with the Loss, and think on some Method to get an honest Living. As she had before kept a Publick House, she could think on nothing better than the same way of Life, and accordingly took one, put in a Stock of Beer, and with the help of making Pies got a comfortable Support, till she was again entangled in Marriage with a Soldier named *Davies*. He had serv'd in the first Regiment of Foot-Guards in the *Low Countries*, but on the Conclusion of the Peace, was, at his own Request, discharged from the Service. His Father dying during his Absence, and leaving him a small Patrimony, he left *Flanders* and went to his Brother, who liv'd near *Chester*, to take Possession of the Provision his Father had made for him; but his Brother, who had laid hold of it, and knew he was not in Circumstances to compel him to do Justice, made a Jest of his Pretensions, and kept all to himself. This unexpected Disappointment oblig'd him once more to take to a military Life, and coming over to
Dublin,

Dublin, he was enroll'd in the *Welch Fuzileers*. After her Marriage, Mrs. *Davies* continued on her publick Business, till her Husband's Regiment was order'd to *Hereford*, in the first Year of King *George I.* when a weak Effort was made in favour of the Pretender. Having made a short Stay in *Dublin* to dispose of her Effects, she got a Pass, and follow'd her Husband to *Hereford*; from whence she went to *Gloucester*, designing to go and settle at *London*. On her Journey she met Colonel *Floyer* at *Colnbrook*, supp'd with him, and the next Day arriv'd at that City. While she was travelling to Town, her Husband was on his March to *Preston*, where the Rebels were assembled.

Her late Majesty, beside her Bounty of fifty Pounds, had order'd Mrs. *Davies* a Shilling a Day Subsistence for Life; which the Lord Treasurer *Oxford*, without the Queen's Knowledge, reduced to Five-pence. The Ministry being now changed, she flatter'd herself that she should have Justice done her, and be restor'd to the full Allowance of a Shilling: With these Hopes she address'd herself to Mr. *Craggs*, who produced the Warrant, and got the King's Order for her receiving the Shilling as intended by Queen *Anne*, which she enjoy'd ever after.

By the time the *Preston* Rebellion was quell'd, Mrs. *Davies* had settled in a House in the *Willow Walk, Totbill Fields, Westminster*; where she made Farthing-Pies, and sold strong Liquors, with such Success, that she was soon able to purchase her Husband's Discharge; but the Money was thrown away, for soon after, being in Drink, he enlisted in the Guards.

One Night, after her Husband was in Bed, and herself in a manner undress'd, some frolicksome Sparks took it into their Heads to tear up the pitching Place which she had made for Porters to rest their Burdens upon, and to throw that and the Board on which she exposed her Pies into the Ditch. She ran down Stairs, follow'd by her Husband and a Lodger, all three almost naked, to stop the Career of these mischievous Gentlemen. The first Mrs. *Davies* laid hold on, she gave such a hearty Drubbing, that he was glad to cry Quarter, give them a Treat, and promise to make good the Damage they had done.

The House she liv'd in, and two adjoining, she rented at eight Pounds a Year. These she repair'd, and bought the Willows before them of a former Tenant, by whom they had been planted. Her Landlord notwithstanding, being in want of Money, let these Tenements to a Bailiff on a long Lease, for the sake of a Fine, without giving Mrs. *Davies* the least Intimation of it. The Bailiff soon acquainted her, that for the future she was to pay the Rent to him, and must agree to raise it next Quarter, or provide herself elsewhere. She used all her Rhetorick to divert him from this Cruelty; but finding he had no Compassion, she changed her Dialect, and treated him with all the opprobrious Terms imaginable; for, to say the Truth, no one was a greater Proficient in the Language of *Billingsgate* than Mrs. *Davies*.

The next Day her new Landlord brought a Carpenter with him to lop the Trees. She, foreseeing this would be the Ground of a Quar-

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rel,

rel, secur'd her Husband, that he might not have an Assault sworn against him, and went out herself with a Resolution, if possible, to provoke the Bailiff to strike her first, and in such Case to belabour him to some purpose. The Carpenter was got into a Tree, and the Bailiff stood below to secure the Branches as they fell. Mrs. *Davies* forced them from him, and upon his asking the Reason, told him the Trees were her Property, as she had bought and paid for them. He replied, the Person who sold them was a Rogue; and Mrs. *Davies* in return giving him some irritating Language, he endeavour'd to wrest a Branch out of her Hand; but finding he struggled in vain, he gave her a Blow. This was the first she ever receiv'd with Pleasure, as it afforded her an Opportunity of drubbing the Rascal with Impunity; which indeed she did unmercifully, being far superior to him in Strength. The Carpenter, seeing his Comrade so roughly handled, came down to his Assistance, and, endeavouring to take her off him, tore her Head-cloths. This so enraged her, that she left the Bailiff, who took that Opportunity to make a precipitate Retreat, and having seiz'd the Carpenter, struck up his Heels, and fell upon him with her Knee in his Stomach; then let him rise, knock'd him down again, and in short beat him till she was quite weary; so that at last he got clear of her, and follow'd the Example of the Bailiff.

About this Time there was a Camp in *Hyde-Park*, where Mrs. *Davies* kept a Sutler's Tent. Lord *Cadogan*, when the King came to review the
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the Forces; treated his Majesty and the Prince with a great many of the Nobility, and sent for Mrs. *Davies* to stand Centinel at the Tent-Door; but having nobody she could trust with her Business, her Husband being to perform Exercise in the Foot-Guards, she could not do that Duty. She resolv'd however at all Events to see the King; but finding several General Officers in a Tent joining to that in which his Majesty din'd, she stepp'd in to them without design of staying; where they plied her so well with strong-bodied Wines, that she had almost forgot what she came about. After they had given her a Shilling apiece for a Kiss, she went to see the King; but having delay'd it so long, his Majesty was just going into his Coach. She got so near however that he perceiv'd her, and said, *he thought to have seen the old Dragoon sooner*; and then drove off, leaving her disappointed in her Expectations. To make some amends for this, it came in her Head, that the Nobility who attended on his Majesty were entertain'd in an adjoining Tent. She went thither immediately, and acquainted them that she had lost several Pounds in the Camp by scoring their Followers, and hop'd they would take it into Consideration. They contributed a Guinea apiece, which was a great and seasonable Relief; for the Fatigue of Cooking, and the Effect which the Loss of her Money trusted in the Camp had on her Mind, threw her into a Tertian Ague, which compell'd her to leave the Camp the following Day. It would have been the highest Folly to have expected any Assistance from her Husband, who always spent

more than he got; and who, the Day after she left the Camp, sold her Tent and every thing in it for forty Shillings, though the Tent alone cost fifty, and squander'd away every Penny of the Money.

Whilst Mrs. *Davies* was indisposed with an Ague, she heard of the Duke of *Marlborough's* Death, to whose Goodness she was greatly indebted. This afflicting News increased her Illness; but being well enough to go abroad at the Time of the Duke's Funeral, she placed herself by her Husband, and march'd in the Procession, with a very heavy Heart and streaming Eyes. The Ceremony being over, she left the Regiment in the Camp, and return'd to her House.

When she was thoroughly recover'd, unwilling to be troubled any longer with her new Landlord the Bailiff, she settled at *Wandser*; where she liv'd a private Life, supported by the Munificence of the Nobility and Gentry; which however was not half so considerable as formerly, a great many of her Benefactors being dead, and others, for different Reasons, having withdrawn their Charity.

Mrs. *Davies* having spent a whole Year at *Wandser*, and growing tir'd of so inactive a Life, resolv'd once more to get into Business. She accordingly remov'd to *Paddington*, took a Publick House, and behav'd so well that her Customers daily increased. Here, as elsewhere, she continued her Visits to such as honour'd her with their Protection, and to whose generous Contributions she chiefly owed her Support ever since her Arrival from *Flanders*.

Among

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Among the rest of her Benefactors, there was a noble Lady who one Day gave her a Hoop-Petticoat, a Machine she knew not how to manage, having never had one on in her Life. However, as it came at so easy a rate, she resolv'd to make a Show, and the first time she went abroad, put on her Hoop. She could not help smiling at the odd Figure she made; but her Finery, which at her first setting out was the Subject of her Mirth, occasion'd her, before she return'd, both Pain and Confusion. Being in a Street where the Foot-path was narrow, she thrust against a Post, which made the other Side of her Hoop fly up. Imagining it was some rude Fellow thrusting his Hands up her Coats, and thinking sily to be reveng'd on him, she threw her Stick back without looking behind her, and gave herself such a Blow that she could not help crying out. She turn'd about, but nobody appear'd, except some Apprentices, who laugh'd heartily at her Roaring, and her aukward Management of her Hoop. On this she walk'd off, vex'd and asham'd at becoming the Sport of Boys, and cursing the Hoop and its Inventor.

Soon after this she was sent for by some Persons of Quality and Distinction, who for their Diversion had invited Sir *James Baker*, called by them Lord *Lateran*, to the *Thatch'd-House* to Dinner; to which however they sat down without his Lordship, and ordering a Couple of Ducks, some Beef-Stakes. and Soup to be set by for him, went into another Room, whither Mrs. *Davies* was conducted and taught her Lesson.

This Lord *Lateran* was a Person with whose Simplicity several of the Quality diverted themselves; he was by some esteem'd a Fool, others thought him mad, and others again believ'd he wore a Mask, and rather suffer'd himself to be laugh'd at and made the Jest of the Company, than go without a Dinner.

Soon after the Quality, with whom the mock Lord was to have din'd, were withdrawn, his Lordship came in, and highly resent'd their not staying for him. The Drawer endeavour'd to appease him by a Detail of what was set by for his Lordship. Hearing there was Soup, of which he was a great Lover and an immoderate Eater, he was somewhat pacified, order'd it in, and fell to very heartily, a Waiter attending his farther Orders. By the time he was seated, Mrs. *Davies* went up, and knock'd at the Door; the Servant, who had his Instructions, opening it, she ask'd if Sir *James Baker* was there? *Madam*, said the Waiter, *I know no such Person; here is no body here but my Lord Lateran*. In the Interim, the Devisers of this Plot on the poor Lord slipp'd in, and conceal'd themselves behind a Skreen that was between him and the Door.

The Fellow naming Lord *Lateran*, Mrs. *Davies* answer'd, *he was the very Person after whom she enquir'd*; went abruptly into the Room, and seated herself opposite to him. His Lordship having recover'd from the Surprize into which her Freedom had thrown him, ask'd what was her Business, desiring her to be expeditious, as he was but just sat down to Dinner. *My Dear*, said Mrs. *Davies*, *I do not design to interrupt you,*

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as I came on purpose to dine with you; though this pretended Ignorance of me causes both my Grief and Astonishment, since you cannot but know, that I had more Regard to your Solicitations than to my own Interest, having entirely disoblged all my Friends by becoming your Wife. Wife! Wife! cried my Lord in amaze, Why, Woman, I never was married. Is it possible, my Lord, replied Mrs. Davies, a Man of your Quality and good Sense can bring a Blemish on his Honour, by denying what he is conscious can be so easily prov'd? It is happy for me and my two Babeis, that I have three Witnesses of our Marriage, or I find you would ruin my Character and bastardize your poor innocent Children. Children too! cries my Lord: Very fine truly, I have a Wife and two Children without knowing any thing of the matter! Lookye, my Lord, says Mrs. Davies, I am not a Woman to be trifled with; your simple Denial will avail you nothing against the Oaths of three creditable Witnesses; though it has given me such a Contempt for your Person, that I can part with you and not break my Heart; but I expect you will immediately furnish me with Money for my own and your Children's Support.---Why, thou thorough-paced Impostor, replies his Lordship, thou notorious abominable Lyar---Go on, my Lord, says his pretended Spouse, Money I must and will have; this mean foul Language does not affect me or make me less your Wife.---So I find, says he, you will swear I am married, to extort Money from me. His Lordship then turning to the Drawer, who, though an Actor in the Farce, kept his Countenance, desir'd he would hand the Gentlewoman down Stairs, and set his Foot

in her Br---ch. The Fellow, prompted from behind the Skreen, answer'd, that he durst not part Man and Wife, as he did not know how dangerous it might be with regard to the Law. *Why*, says my Lord, *do you think she is really my Wife? I solemnly protest I was never married to her. I cannot tell that*, replied the other; *she avers, and you deny it; she has Witnesses to prove it upon Oath, let her Evidence appear. There is no Occasion for that*, answer'd Lord Lat-
teran; *this is some old Jade who can no longer get Money by Whoring, and would now extort it by swearing a sham Marriage upon me: I don't question her being prepared with false Witnesses. Come my dear Lord*, said Mrs. Davies, *fall to your Soop, and after Dinner I will give you incontestable Proof of our Marriage.* As his Lordship was pretty sharp set, he took the Advice, and fell to it very heartily. When he had finish'd his Soop, Mrs. Davies bid the Waiter bring her a Plate, a Knife and a Fork. *Why sure*, said my Lord, *you don't intend to dine with me? Indeed but I do*, answers Mrs. Davies, *and bed with you too: Do you think I married to have only the bare Name of a Wife? Prithee Woman, be quiet*, replies my Lord; *I protest, if I had my Sword here, I would run you through the Body.* He spoke this with such an Emotion, that he set the Audience upon the Titter, and had like to have discover'd all. The Stakes and Ducks being set upon the Table, she desir'd he would help her; but he was now grown sullen, and would not speak a Word; so that, without Ceremony, she help'd herself. Having din'd, Mrs. Davies told him she would now take her
Leave,

Leave, in hopes of finding him in better Temper another time, but intreated one Kiss at parting; which he scornfully refused, crying, *No, no, Woman, I kiss you? Kiss the Devil's Dam.---I will have a Kiss before I go,* says she, and getting up made towards him. He endeavour'd to avoid her; but after chasing him about the Room, she caught him round the Neck and kiss'd him, in spite of his Resistance. This threw him into such a Passion, that he would have run out of the Room immediately; but Mrs. *Davies* held him till the Company behind the Skreen had Time to get off. Then letting him go, he ran down Stairs, threatening the Master of the House to ruin him for suffering such an insolent Jade to affront a Man of his Quality.

The Company, who set Mrs. *Davies* to play this Game, were highly diverted with the Performance; but 'tis probable the mock Lord smok'd the Affair, and was as little angry as his pretended Wife was fond: For he eat heartily, and could not but hear those behind the Skreen titter, and also go out of the Room; but it was his Interest not to discover them. In short, they laugh'd at my Lord, and my Lord, if the Truth was known, laugh'd at them.

While Mrs. *Davies* liv'd at *Paddington*, thro' the Application of some Friends she procur'd her Husband's Discharge from the Foot-Guards; but this argued a want of Foresight, for he falling into his former Extravagancies, was so far from being of any Service to her in her Business, as he might have been, that she was obliged to throw up her House and Shop, sell
off

off her Goods, and procure a Pass from Lord C---t for *Ireland*. Returning from that Nobleman's House, she pass'd by that of Lord S---x. Two of his Footmen, who were at the Door, stopp'd her, and the Gentleman ran to tell his Lord who was below. Upon the Gentleman's Return, he told her that his Lord wanted her to teaze Sir *James Baker*, who was at Dinner there with a great deal of other Company. Glad of the Opportunity, Mrs. *Davies* follow'd the Gentleman up Stairs, who pointed to a Room, and made Signs for her to go in. Her Entrance surpriz'd several of the Company who were Strangers to the Story of the *Thatch'd House*, and especially when they saw Lord S---x smile upon her. She put on a seeming Confusion, and begg'd pardon for being so unmannerly as to intrude into a strange Company in a Nobleman's House, but hoped they would think her rather an Object of their Compassion than Resentment, when they knew that it was the Unkindness of a Husband, for whom she had the tenderest Affection, forced her to take that Step. My Lord, said she, *my Name is Baker, and as I heard Sir James Baker is in this Company, I have taken the Liberty to enquire after my Husband.* Madam, replied my Lord, *there is no such Person here; possibly you mean Lord Lateran; if it is that noble Lord you seek, he is at Table.* The Moment Sir *James* heard her name him, he turn'd his Head, and in a violent Passion vented himself in these or the like Words: *Thou wicked, vile, base, infamous Woman, why do'st thus haunt me? How,* said my Lord S---x, *by this Language she cannot be*
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*your Lady, for Lord Lateran has too much Honour to treat a Wife with such harsh Language. Then turning to Mrs. Davies, as if he was entirely a Stranger to her, he continued, Woman, look to what you are about; Men of Quality are not to be insulted with Impunity; you must not think to impose on that noble Lord; you call yourself his Wife; if you do not prove it, I have a good Pump in my Yard to revenge the Insult on that noble Person, and may perhaps cure you of your vile Practice. Having desir'd his Lordship to give her leave to speak, and to judge impartially, she proceeded: My Lords, my simple Assertion, I am sensible, would little avail me; but I have living Witnesses of the Truth of what I have advanced; Witnesses, my Lord, who were present when the Priest perform'd the Ceremony of our Marriage; besides two Sons, the Fruits of it, enregister'd in his Name, and long acknowledged his Children by himself. It is true, that ten Years since he left me, without any just Matter of Complaint; for I defy the World, censorious as it is, to cast the least Reflection on my Honour; my Enemies allow me to be a Woman of insuperable Virtue.----Oh the vile Strumpet, cried Sir James.---Let her proceed, said Lord S---x, she speaks with an Air of Truth, and your Passion makes me fear there is some Jealousy at the bottom of this Affair.---Upon my Honour, said Sir James, I never saw her but once before, except in the Streets, and then she pinn'd herself upon me at the Thatch'd House.. Let her go on, replied Lord S---x.---I am to this Day, continued Mrs. Davies, ignorant of the Reason why he left me, which I must own greatly afflicted me;
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for he was a very fond Husband for the Space of three Years that we liv'd happily together. Not three Minutes, my Lord, on my Honour, cried Sir James. Your Lordship, continued Mrs. Davies, cannot suppose that I have my Witnesses always with me; wherefore, my Lord, I put it upon this Issue for the present, let him take his Oath that I am not his Wife; he dares not do it. Lord S---x said, that would be descending below his Dignity. Well my Lord, said she, since he is now a Man of Quality, I am loth to expose him in a publick Court, and am ready to forget what is past, if he will return with me to his own House. My dear Lord Lateran, you know how you have wrong'd me, but I will never mention the Injury, all shall be buried in Oblivion, and will seal this Promise with a virtuous Kiss. She was going to take him round the Neck, when he leap'd over the Table, broke the Glasses, ran down Stairs, threatening to kill any one who should endeavour to stop him, and behav'd in all respects like a Madman. When the Laugh was over, which made some of the Company hold their Sides, and others wipe their Eyes, Lord S---x order'd Mrs. Davies to sit down, take a Glas, and give the Company her History; which she did as succinctly as possible, after which every one at Table made her a Present of five Shillings, and my Lord gave her a Bottle of Wine to take home.

Soon after this, having made Money of her Goods, Mrs. Davies left Paddington, and went to Charles-Street, Westminster. Here, having an Order from the Governors of Chelsea-College to appear at the Board, as all do at a certain time
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who receive Pensions as Invalids, she went and made her Appearance. In returning home she fell in with two Pensioners, who had been on the same Errand; and one of them, who was an intimate Acquaintance, stopt her to enquire after her Health. His Companion took an Opportunity from the Difference of their Pensions to abuse her, as not deserving what she enjoy'd, having never done any thing for the Government. Nettled at this Treatment, she made a Comparison between her Service and his, greatly to her own Advantage, and concluded with calling him a Faggot and a cowardly Dog. Stung with this Appellation, he was resolv'd to shew his Bravery, drew, and made a Thrust at Mrs. *Davies*, who had no other Weapon than her Stick, with which she put by his Pass, closed in with him, wrench'd the Sword out of his Hand, threw it over the Bank, fell upon him with her oaken Plant, and broke his Head in two Places. Two Gentlemen, Spectators of the Fray, offer'd her a ten Shilling Treat, but her Business would not permit her to accept it.

Mrs. *Davies* now waited about Court, that she might be in the way of her Benefactors; whose Generosity at last enabled her to return and settle in her native Country. She set out from *London* in the *West-Chester* Waggon (with seven or eight more of her own Sex) for her Purse would not afford her a Coach. The Women were all good merry Company, and they pass'd their Time pleasantly enough in telling Stories, &c. When Mrs. *Davies* had ended the History of her Adventures, not one would
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give Credit to it; till at *Daventry* meeting with an old Soldier, whom she had formerly known in *Flanders*, he confirm'd all that had been told them. They were then more pleas'd with her Conversation than before, and came to an Agreement, as she had formerly pass'd for a Man, to consider her still as one; merrily saying, that as such they would treat her the rest of their Journey to *Chester*, according to the Custom, when there is but a single Man in Company to several Women. She readily agreed to their Proposal, telling them at the same time, if she was in reality a Man, she would chuse a fresh Bedfellow every Night, till she had enjoy'd them all round. They were very merry on this Topick till they came within two Miles of *Coven-*
try; when a Highwayman well mounted order'd the Waggoner to stop that Moment, or he was a dead Man. The Fellow was frighten'd, and obey'd the Command. When the Horses stood still, the Highwayman came to the Passengers, presented a Pistol, and in a hasty Tone demanded their Money. The Women fell a squalling, as usual upon any sudden Fright; but Mrs. *Davies*, without the least Fear or Concern, advis'd him to put up his Pistol, and not frighten the Women, telling him, *They'll give you what they can spare immediately. What they can spare!* replied the Highwayman; *damn you, I'll have all, and this Moment too.* While the Women were rummaging their Pockets, Mrs. *Davies* observ'd the Highwayman had a Brace of Pistols in a Belt round his Waist, which she did not perceive at first, as they were cover'd with his Great-Coat. She watch'd the Opportunity,

tunity, and while he was stooping forward with his Hat to receive his Contributions, she snatch'd a Pistol from his Girdle, cock'd it, and shot him into the Breast, and with a vigorous Blow of the Butt of the Pistol, fetch'd him off his Horse upon the Ground, where he expir'd immediately. All this was done so quick, that the Waggoner and the Women could not believe their Eyes for some time, till they saw Mrs. *Davies* jump out, and like an old Campaigner seize his Horse, and begin to rifle his Pockets; but finding nothing but Bullets and a small Horn of Powder, she was disappointed of her Booty: However, when they came to *Coventry*, the Mayor of the Town gave her his Horse and Accoutrements, which she sold for eleven Guineas. She received the Thanks of the whole City for ridding them of this troublesome Infester of the Road, who made the Entrance of the Town dangerous to Travellers. The Inn where they put up was crowded with the Inhabitants, to see the Woman who had done them such a signal Service: But their Visits gave her little Satisfaction, till one among them propos'd a Collection for her, and solicited so warmly in her Behalf, that before her Departure she received upwards of sixteen Pounds, besides the eleven Guineas for the Horse, &c. The Sight of so much Money gave her new Spirits, and she pursued her Journey with a chearful Heart: Her Companions also were extremely joyful, on having so unexpectedly sav'd their Money. For fear there might be more of the Fraternity upon the Road, Mrs. *Davies* reserv'd a Brace of Pistols, with Powder

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Powder and Ball, giving Orders to the Waggoner, if he saw any Person that he suspected, to stop the Waggon, and promising in such case to alight to defend her Charge and his Passengers: But they arriv'd safe at *Chester*, without any other Accident by the Way, where the News of Mrs. *Davies's* killing the Highwayman had got before them. In this City she receiv'd a farther Collection of eleven Pounds fourteen Shillings, which gave her such Spirits, that she wish'd to meet with a Highwayman every Week: And, as great Actions employ the Poet's Pen, she had the following Lines sent her to her Inn at *Chester*.

*All hail! great Rofs, thou Glory of the Age;
Such Deeds as thine are Subjects for the Stage.
The Amazonian Race begins again,
And Females toil for Empire o'er the Men.
Go on, bold Heroine, like Hercules,
And punish Monsters both by Lands and Seas:
Spread round thy Actions by the Mouth of Fame,
Till Tyrants tremble at thy glorious Name.
England can boast a greater Joan than France,
To use the Pistol, as she did the Lance:
Grant us, kind Heav'n, thy Fate be not the same
With Joan of Arc, that famous Gallic Dame!
The Frenchman call'd her Saint; the English,
[Witch;
And basely clapp'd a Flambeau to her Breech.
'Tis oft the Fate of Devils here at home,
To rise up virtuous, and be Saints in Rome.*

Soon after this Mrs. *Davies* embark'd, and arriv'd safe at *Dublin*, whither we must now follow

follow her. She took a House as near as possible to the Castle, having a great Dependence on Lord C----t's Family. She was not disappointed in her Expectations, for his Lordship was her best Benefactor, and his Servants her best Customers.

She staid but one Year in *Ireland*, which was chiefly owing to her Inclination to ramble. While she was in *Dublin*, she happen'd one Day to spy the Rev. Mr. *Howell*, who, as we have said before, robb'd her of her maiden Treasure. He had also a Sight of her, and endeavour'd to speak with her; but she turn'd into a Coffee-house and avoided him. Upon this he went home, and appear'd very melancholy. Every one enquir'd into the Cause of this visible Alteration in his Countenance and Behaviour, but his Sister alone could extort the Secret from him. He told her he had seen Mrs. *Davies*, and that a Reflection on the Injury he had done her gave him so much Pain, that he believed he should never recover his Peace of Mind. The next Day he left *Dublin*, and about seven Weeks after, his Sister meeting Mrs. *Davies*, read a Letter, which gave her the melancholy Account of his having destroy'd himself. Change of Kingdoms had made no Change in his Temper; his Sadness daily increased, and he could find no Ease; wherefore he resolv'd to put an End to his Life. For this purpose he one Day rose very early, and went into his Study: His Wife having prepar'd his Breakfast, sent one of the Children to tell him it was ready; who having knock'd several times at the Door, at last open'd it, and

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found him hanging in his Sash, quite dead. The Child scream'd out and alarm'd the Mother, who running up saw the distracting Sight. The poor Woman was inconsolable, for she not only lost a Husband she lov'd, but saw herself by that Loss depriv'd of Bread, with eleven Children to maintain. Mr. *Howell*, some little time before he was guilty of this rash Action, wrote a Letter to his Brother, wherein he tells him, that he was in a State of Despair, and bid him not to be surprized if he should hear that he had laid violent Hands upon himself.

When Mrs. *Davies* had resolv'd upon quitting *Dublin*, she sent a Letter to her Husband to take a House for her at *Chester*, which he did accordingly. Before her Departure, she went to take leave of Lord C---t, who, to divert himself, would needs see the Ceremony of a Camp Marriage; so led Colonel P-----t and her into the Garden, where laying two Swords across, they both jump'd over them, his Lordship performing the Function of the Priest, and pronouncing the following Words, *Jump Rogue, Follow Whore*. After the Ceremony was over, my Lord gave them a Treat, and Mrs. *Davies* went on board the Yacht.

Colonel M-----y and several Land-Officers were going to *England* in the same Vessel. They ask'd her if she had a Pass, which she shew'd them; but the Captain of the Yacht, whose surly Temper and Behaviour gave her a Dislike, coming to her in a gruff manner, said, *D---n you, where's your Pass?* She answer'd him in as rough a Style, and refused to let him see

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see it. On this he threaten'd to send her back, and she threaten'd to beat him; which was no small Diversion to the Officers, who would fain have set them together by the Ears, but the Captain had more Wit.

Having liv'd three Years at *Chester*, she return'd to *Chelsea*, got her Husband into the College, and for the Remainder of her Life was subsisted chiefly by the generous Assistance of the Nobility and Gentry.

Long before her Death she was afflicted with a Complication of Distempers, as *Dropsy*, *Scurvy*, &c. At length her Husband being taken ill, she would sit up with him a Nights, whereby she contracted a Cold that threw her into a continual Fever, which carried her off in a few Days. She died on the 7th of *July* 1739, and was interr'd in the Burying-Ground belonging to *Chelsea-Hospital*, with military Honours.

F I N I S.



